

Spencer Redivivus

Containing the

FIRST BOOK

OF THE

FAIRY QUEEN,

His Essential Design preserv'd, but
his obsolete Language and manner
of Verse totally laid aside.

Deliver'd in Heroick Numbers,

By a Person of Quality.

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L O N D O N,

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PREFACE.

THERE are few of our Nation that have heard of the Name of Spencer, but have granted him the repute of a famous Poet.

But I must take leave to affirm, that the esteem which is generally allow'd to his Poetical Abilities, has rather been from an implicate or receiv'd Concession, than a knowing Discernment paid to the Value of this Author: Whose Design, in his Books of the Fairy Queen, howsoever admirable, is so far from being familiarly perceptible in the Language he deliver'd it in, that his Stile seems no less unintelligible at this Day, than the obsoletest of our English or Saxon Dialect.

On which ground I believe it ought to have been long ago wish'd, as well as readily embrac'd, by all politely judicious, that something of this

The Preface.

Eminent Poet had been genuinely and succinctly convey'd by the Purity of our Tongue.

An Endeavour undertaken by me, supposing it could not be less acceptable to others than my self By which I have not only discharg'd his antiquated Verse and tedious Stanza, but have likewise deliver'd his Sense in Heroick Numbers: much more suitable to an Epick Poem, the deserv'd Denomination of his, than can possibly be accomplish'd by any sort of Measures in Stanza's, both in respect of their Freedom & Pleasure above any other Form that can be us'd in a Poem of this Nature.

For as the Writing in Stanza's must render Verse sententious and constrain'd, the most weighty part of their meaning still being to be expected at the Period of the Stanza; so, in that consideration, their Composure must needs be less difficult than where the force of each single Line is to be weigh'd apart.

As who can judge, had Virgil writ or been render'd by any alternate Meeter that either his design or expressions had appear'd so unconfin'dly elevate, as he is to be acknowledg'd in his own, or in such measures as should most resemble the unlimited nature and freedom proper to the greatness of his Subject.

As for the essential Story of Spencer, contain'd in this one Book of his Fairy Queen: I have

entirely

The Preface.

entirely preserv'd his Matter and Design, except where both are abbreviated, and, as I conceive, improv'd by my Thoughts.

Nor do I doubt but every impartial Reader will find, that in the way I have undertaken to delineate and express him by, he is render'd what he ought to have been instead of what is to be found in himself.

Not that I believe, his Language being wav'd, any Poetical Genius, since the incomparable Virgil, has exceeded the wonderful Variety, Beauty, and Strength of Conception that is to be found in our famous Spencer.

If we consider him as an extraordinary Inventer or Tale-teller, the main Engine and Fabric of Poesie, we shall find him more fruitfully new and delicate than any that have preceded him to the Age in which Virgil liv'd.

The most esteem'd of whose Successors, in the Heroick way, Statius and Tasso, have borrow'd so much from their great Poetical Predecessor, that it may be said of them, as Scaliger does of Statius, that they had very probably been greater in themselves, had they not endeavour'd to be like Virgil, whose Excellency was above all subsequent Imitation.

Whereas the Compositions of our wonderful Spencer are not only purely created throughout his

The Preface.

Works by his unall'd Invention, but vary'd in every Canto with such a singular Method, that he is granted, at this day, abating his Expressions and manner of Verse, to compleat a distinct Original of Heroick Poesie.

The late ingenious Sir William Dav'nant taking occasion in his Preface before his *Gondibert* to commend this Author, compares his Poem of the *Fairy Queen* to an admir'd Course of Poetical Dreams and Extasies, or an Allegory of Things and Persons deliver'd from extraordinary Results of Imagination. And I conceive him so far in the right in his judicious esteem of this Poet, that, in his kind, perhaps he may remain perpetually unparallel'd.

Having thus far explain'd the Value and Form of this Author's Work, I will take leave to present my Reader with a Taste of what I judge the Essential Parts of Heroick Poesie.

And this must consist either in Action or in Allegory, or rather in a mixture of both. As for Action as it relates to an Heroick Poem, or is exemplary from thence; its greatness chiefly consists in Military Deeds, Stratagems, and Counsels, or in Political or Moral Reflections occasionally intervening. And these particulars, tho' great Embellishments of Epick Poetry, are seldom

The Preface.

numerously various as can alone form so vast a Composition.

Besides all which, they cannot by any Art or Expression of the Poet be render'd much above the ordinary level of human Discussion and Imitation; by reason that the Prudence or Morality of any Actions, howsoever great they tend to Instruction, will concenter, in some degree, with common Thought and Observance. But in that part of such a Poem that includes an Allegory of Things and Persons, the Notions are more sublimely fitted to that purpose, as they have Reference to the unlimited Productions and Conduct of the Mind.

Thus in Magical Transformations, Visions, Apparitions, Extasies, Dreams, extraordinary Adventures, and the like; there is an unconfin'd Nature of Representation, or such as will not be found to accompany our passions and Affections in any ordinary Act or Contemplation: wherefore, of such, the most spiritual and wonderful part of an Epique Composition must consist, that it may be deliver'd thereby more remote and surprizing.

To which effect Ulysses in Homer, and the Hero of the Æneads are not so much Objects of Admiration and extraordinary note, as they were great in Fortitude or prudence, Things, as I have already express'd, that most men presume in some
measure

The Preface.

measure to understand and imitate: but as they had encounter'd Monsters, convers'd with Apparitions and Ghosts in their Infernal Visits, whereby Admiration is rais'd, and their Characters convey'd more superlative and perfect, because exalted above usual Thought or Example.

And who does not more erect his Imagination in reading of the Descent of Æneas into the Elysian Fields, and the extraordinary Notions and Descriptions arising from thence, than in taking notice of his more familiar Actions of Magnanimity and Conduct.

I had almost forgot a very pertinent passage in reference to what I now assert in behalf of this kind of Poesy.

And that shall be taken from the appearing of Hector after Death unto Æneas, and his speech represented by way of Dream or Vision.

By which, whosoever considers the superlative Impression of passion that was character'd by this Hero, reviv'd by the poetical Summons of Virgil, shall find, if the Circumstances of his appearance are duely consider'd, that all the glorious Achievements of Hector joyn'd to his Heroick Fall by the Sword of Achilles, could not so Emphatically consummate the Story of his past Life, as in being thus briefly describ'd by the Poet, tho but in an imaginary Method. I

The Preface.

I could instance likewise as much in the Case of Polydorus, where Virgil, to express the covetous Guilt of a King of Thrace, who had murder'd that young Prince for his Treasure, has in the Miracle of his speaking from under Ground, divinely fix'd a due Detestation of so horrid a Crime, as also excited the most pathetick Sorrow that can be imagin'd for the cruelty of his end.

All which, if according to ordinary Fact they had been describ'd, would have fallen far short of their Efficacy, on all accounts, as wanting their preternatural force and esteem, or the Reputation of Wonder reveal'd by permission from above.

And thus it appears, that things marvellous, and of highest admiration, or such as cannot be personated by Deeds and Words of the living, must be the supream Ornaments of an Epique Poem.

Whereas in the Dramatick way it is far otherwise, because similitude to genuine Converse and action is chiefly there to be resembled; tho not always unaccompanyd with things preternatural and prodigious, as may be gather'd from the use of Magical Enchantments, and the Apparitions of Ghosts and Spirits in divers of our old and best Playes.

Some there are that would so far unsoul Poesy,

as

The Preface.

as to allow nothing represented by it other than what familiarly resembles the ordinary Results of our Actions and Converse; and this they term likening of Truth; not considering that there is a similitude allowable for Contemplation and Opinion receiv'd by Men.

As the Doctrine of separated Forms and Spirits, the total practices of Conjurations and Magick. By which means incorporeal Apparitions have been conceded to appear: and he that denies their Credibility, must likewise disallow the Revelations of holy Writ, which gives authority, more than enough, to Poesy to take that for Truth which is there affirmed to be such.

On which ground I do not conceive why a Heroick Poem, which some undertake to deny, should not be as extraordinarily written in consonance to Christian Belief, as any was perform'd by the Ancients in their fictitious introducing of Hobgoblins, imaginary Deities and Visions: since we may have poetical Recourse to spiritual Existencies and Apparitions, if properly apply'd, as aptly to our purpose as they could invent to assist their Designs. In like manner, instead of their Centaurs, Harpy's, Cyclops's, and the like, we have our Prodigies, and Monsters of Men and Creatures: so that I do not see why our Fictions
may

The Preface.

may not be as duely supplied and grounded on any such account, as the ancient Poets could pretend to. Besides all which, there is no useful Poetical Nominal, or Ornament relating to things above or below, but may be as pertinently appropriated by us, as by whatsoever former Writer.

As who can doubt but Concupiscence may be signify'd by Venus, the Winds by Æolus, the Sea by Neptune, and so of other fictitious Attributes usefully common to us and them.

And we ought rather to blame the narrowness of our Invention, than to conceive that there is not Furniture enough in Poetry to embellish the Grandeur of an Epick Contrivance.

True it is, that according to holy Religion, we must not presume to transform our Hero's into Demi-gods, which I confess was some advantage to the Ancients in magnifying their Heroicks above the ordinary Exaltation and Endowments of Men: However I believe that the sublime Piety and Fortitude incident to a Christian Hero duely convey'd by the Poet in reference to Exploits of highest Admiration and Glory, may well compare with what could be feign'd of the best of theirs.

And this I suppose is sufficient for their Conviction, who affirm that an Epike Poem is not to be produc'd within the bounds of Christianity.
Not

The Preface.

Not but I grant that it is a *Work of highest difficulty*, and no less to be admir'd; if perfect, than some wondrous *Architecture* hardly to be equal'd in point of *Design, Magnitude, and Beauty*.

But not impossible to be effected since there needs not be urged a surer *Refutation* of all *Opposers*, than the marvellous esteem of this *Author*, notwithstanding the *Obsoleteness* of his *English and Verse*, who liv'd within a hundred years of our time. But how to excuse the choice of the *Language* he writ in, that he could not but know; was of too antiquate a *Date*, if not generally exploded by all *Writers* in the time he liv'd; or why he should not conceive himself oblig'd to impart the *Tongue* of that season as currant as he found it, I cannot apprehend.

Unless he was resolv'd, as is reported of him, to imitate his ancient *Predecessor* *Chaucer*, or affected it out of design to restore our *Saxon English*. However it was, the *Reader* may peruse him here, as far as I have gone, in more fashionable *English and Verse*; and I hope without *Diminution* to his *Fame* in any regard.

TO THE
A U T H O R
O F
S P E N C E R R E D I V I V U S.

WELL to improve dead Author, and refine
His proper worth, resembleth power divine.
Or as Faith does of Resurrection tell,
When Souls by future Glory shall excel.
Thus does your Pen in this your Work provide,
That *Spencer's* Fame shall still renew'd abide.
So clear by you his deep Invention's told,
That in your words him perfect I behold.
His Stanza's, Language, old as *Saxon* Rhyme,
From you receive fit Epithites and Chime.
What could your pregnant *Genius* higher raise,
Than with smooth Verse to polish ancient Bayes?
Of *English*, he had most the Epique Vein,
And first does by your Lines advantage gain.
Ile not trust Painters, who no Pencil say
Can warmly liken Life the copy'd way.
Since I affirm, that *Spencer* figur'd here
Does in his lively Pattern best appear.
And who reads that with a discerning mind,
Must with that more of him such Change may find:
Or be your happy Emulator seen
In copying, where you leave, the *Fairy Queen*.

The

The P R O E M.

BEhold the Man whose Múse in former time
Divulg'd in Pastoral Song his sófter Rhyme :
Does now presume t' attempt the lofty Praise
Of Martial Verse and Deeds that Hero's blaze.
With what their gentlest Thoughts and Actions claim,
Together with their lovely Heroins Fame.
Which far to spread me sacred Muses bring,
That gladly Arms and Love Heroick sing.
And chiefly from their unknown Rolls rehearse
Deeds by the Nine alone inspir'd to Verse.
Where beauteous Tanaquil admir'd must stand,
And Knights that most renown'd our Fairy Land :
Together with that mighty Britain Prince,
Whose Prowess did such wondrous Fame dispense :
Heighten'd by Glory and despiteful wrong,
Above what yet has been the Muses Song.
'Gainst whom th' Amorous Gods most cruel Dart
Kindled impetuous wrath within his Heart.
Until triumphant Mars, with calmer mind,
Had horrid Spoils and Rage to Love resign'd.
And you, bright Mistress, of this greatest Isle,
The Princely Type and Splendor of my Style ;
Let your Beams without Phoebus aid inspire
Verse, that your Vertues aptly may admire.

ERRATA.

PAGE 32. lin. 9, and lin. 13. for *Frاندابو* read *Fradubio*. p. 81. l. 13.
for *sight* r. *light*. p. 203. l. 6. for *away* r. *way*. p. 208. l. 5. for *vast*
r. *huge*. p. 209. l. 5. for *had defil'd*, r. *them defil'd*. p. 214. l. 1. for *could*
eat r. *could feed*.

CANTO I.

The Argument.

*The Patron of true Piety
Foul Error doth Defeat,
But Snares of vile Hipocrisy
His Virtue next do Cheat.*

A Worthy Knight was Riding on the Plain,
In Armour Clad, which richly did Contain
The Gallant Marks of many Battels fought,
Who' he before no Martial Habit sought ;
How Warlike ere his Person seem'd to Sit
On a Bold Steed, that scarce obey'd the Bit :
Upon his Breast a Bloody Cross display'd,
The Precious drops for him his Saviour paid ;
And on his Mighty Shield the same did bear,
To shew his Faith was made his Valours Care.

B

Yet

Yet with his Comely Looks appeared sad,
Without the sign of Fear or being bad;
Whom now a high Adventure did Command,
Which Great *Gloriana*, Queen of *Fairy* Land,
To Honour him, by her especial Grace,
Did on his Worth and trusty Merit place.
Like which his Soul no Earthly Glory deem'd,
If by her Virtue his might be esteem'd:
Wishing, each step his Courser made, to Try
His Prowess with the Stoutest Enemy.
Near to his side an Ass more white than Snow,
A Lovely Lady's weight did undergo;
Whose Form far whiter then the Beast she rid,
Under a Mournful Vail was fully hid,
Which shew'd the Secret Care in Heart she had;
And in a Line a Milk white Lamb she led.
Behind her did a Dwarfse at distance lag,
That wearied seem'd with bearing of her Bag:
Whilst in this Posture as they forward past,
The Day with Clouds was suddenly o'rcast;

And pouring forth a horrid Storm of Rain,
To shelter did this Beauteous pair Constrain.
A shady Grove not far from them they spy'd,
Whose lofty Trees adorn'd with Summers Pride,
So broad did spread, that no Cœlestial Light
Was there perceivable to Human Sight :
And all within were Paths and Alleys strange,
With Footing worn, and inward far did Range.
The Covert lik'd, with Pleasure they past on,
Joying to hear the Birds Harmonious Song ;
Which, therein shelter'd, gratefully declare
By Songs their safety from Tempestuous Air ;
Or seem'd in Notes to praise Trees straight and high,
The sayling Pine, or Cedar tall as Sky,
The Building Oak, and Elme the Love of Vines,
The Poplar least for want of Moisture Pines.
Whilst here in unknown Tracts their Persons stray,
Allur'd by pleasing steps till lost their way ;
And when the blustering Storm was over blown,
Wandred to find the Path which first was known :

So many Intricacies and Turnings seen,
As which to take or leave their doubt was then :
At last advanc'd, they forward did descrye
A Track that seem'd most beaten to the Eye ;
Which tho' amidst this Labyrinth 'twas found,
They hop'd might lead to safe and open Ground :
Untill arriv'd unto a Caves deep sight,
When from his Steed this Hero did alight :
And fearless to his Dwarf commits the Care
Both of his Courser and his shining Spear.
Whose fair Companion soon him Caution gave,
As boldly he was moving toward this Cave ;
Fearing that peril vainly he provok'd,
Or might find hidden Fire before it smoak'd :
Adding whithal how her Soul boded then,
That wandring steps led them to Error's Den.
A Monster God and Man presum's to hate,
From which 'tis wisest timely to retreat :
Your worth preserv'd, as you Attempts restrain,
Where Men the Authors rashness may arraign.

These words thus say'd, her fearful Dwarf apace,
With Timorous looks and voice bemoan'd their Case;
Begging that Instant they'd for safety fly,
Since his Soul, tho' in his small Bulk, cou'd spy
Vast Mischiefs did within that Cave abscond,
And must, if sought, best Human strength confound.
Whilst with a resolute Brow and hardy Flame,
The Youthful Knight unto this Dungeon came;
And looking in, his glistering Armour made
Some streaks of Light within the dismal Shade;
By which he saw the ugly Monster lay'd,
Half way a Serpent horribly display'd:
Whose other Moyety did shape retain
Of Woman loath'd, or fit for worst disdain:
And as she in her filthy Den did lye,
Prodigious Knots, with strange Deformity,
Her Monstrous form did variously surround;
Whilst for her Tail and deadly Sting the Ground
Too narrow seem'd, whose spurious Body bred
A thousand Monsters by her Dugs were fed.

And when that unquoth Light she had espy'd, ^{[glide}
 She Gap'd, that down her Throat her Brood might
 Which done, this Monster leaves her Den, afraid,
 And round her curfed Head her Tail display'd;
 Tho' when she had perceiv'd this Champion bold,
 She wou'd have turn'd unto her safer Hold:
 Declining Light, as her most foul disgrace,
 Whose Fals-hood fear'd Truth's plain and open Face
 Which as this Hero saw, he forward went;
 Fierce as a Lyon on his Prey is Bent:
 And with his Brandish'd Sword the Monster stay'd,
 At which enrag'd she yaun'd and lowdly bray'd:
 Her deadly String and Tail 'gainst him advanc'd,
 Whilst from her Head his strong blow downwar
 And passing thus her hardy Sence amaz'd, ^{[glance}
 Till rage recruited, she more dreadful rais'd
 Her ugly Bulk, and Circling it around
 With her vast Stern, prodigiously from Ground,
 A leap she took, and on his Shield did light,
 When more his steady Temper to affright,

Her weight and various Form she round him cast,
That to stir Limb his mighty Strength seem'd past.
Whose pittying Lady, as she did behold
This ugly Fiend like mighty Thongs enfold
The Comely Person of her Famous chief;
From Heaven she begg'd with Tears his soon relief:
Next urg'd him, howe're suffering sad Constraint,
That in no force or vigour he should faint;
But choak the Fiend, ere she his Life should seize,
And from his Flesh his Soul with Torment squeeze.
Which Heroine speech his Heart to Fury wrought;
Who striving one Arm free'd, and with that caught
The Monsters Throat, by which enforc'd she spew'd
Prodigious Poison horribly Embru'd
With blackest Blood, and lumps of Gobbets raw;
Besides, Books, Paper, from her Cursed Maw
She then disgorg'd, with Frogs, Toads wanting Eyes,
Numerous as Spawns of Monsters that arise
From Slimy Nile, and with their stench much more
Afflicted him then all her Bodies power.

So nauseously by it his sence annoy'd,
As his fierce Courage seem'd more weak employ'd,
Which when the Serpent saw, her inward Sink
Discharg'd sholes of Creatures black as Ink,
That round his Legs deform'dly soon did crawll,
Tho' in that Plight he felt no hurt at all.
Like to some Man whom swarms of Flyes infest,
And with their Buzzing noise disturb his Rest;
Until his Hands do interrupt their Course,
Or they with weary'd Wings remove their Force.
Whilst thus enrag'd and conscious of worse shame,
With renew'd Fury to his Foe he came;
And striking her with more than human strength,
Her Head he sever'd from her Body's length:
Whence her Infernal Life flow'd from her Veins,
In Blood that fill'd the Ground with foulest stains.
Her scatter'd Brood, soon as their Parent fell,
Like Imps that nourish'd were by Food from Hell,
Deeply Lamenting did her Corps surround,
Hoping their wonted entrance to have found.

But

But unattain'd, they in the sanguine Flood
Wallowing, drank up their Mother's loathsome blood.
Which sight this gallant Person much amaz'd,
As he with horror on these Monsters gaz'd ;
Whose glutt'd bodies swell'n, assunder burst,
Kill'd by her Blood which them had kindly nurs'd.
His Foes subdu'd, and by themselves thus slain,
T'wards him in haste his Lady mov'd again ;
Saying, Lov'd Man, what Stars admir'd support
Cou'd human Prowess aid with such effort
As your Atchieves, whilst dead before you lies
The Fiend, with all her Brood of Enemies ?
Worthy you are the Arms you wear to wield,
And prove 'em further in some glorious Field ;
Since in your first Adventures you compleat
Deeds that assure your future highly great.
Who mounted with his Lady back again,
Follow'd a Path which seem'd to them most plain,
And like a Line that straightest do's extend,
Led them unto this vast Wood's wish'd-for end.

Which

Which pass'd, for new Adventures he prepar'd,
So great in Soul as nought but Heav'n he fear'd.
Far had he travell'd ere he did discern
The face of Man, or worldly Tidings learn;
When he an aged person met by chance,
That clad in black unto him did advance;
Whose Feet were bare, his Beard turn'd hoary gray
Like Grass by Frost is chang'd on Winters day:
Lowly his Eyes unto the ground he bent,
And knock'd his Breast like Sinners that repent.
Who, when beheld this Chief, with comely Grace
And Looks, that suited well his aged Face,
Gravely salutes him; which no sooner done:
But this brave Champion ask'd, if to him known
Atchievements were, that farthest spread their fame
Or might, if sought, live great on Hero's name.
To whom the aged person thus reply'd,
What you require in course of Life's deny'd
To my observance, whilst most hours I tell
Within the Confinces of an obscure Cell;

When

Where Beads I count, and whither loudest sound
Of warlike deeds, has yet least passage found.
But if of dangers you vouchsafe to hear,
That nearest home imploy the heedful ear :
Know that a mighty Man, of Fury strange,
Wasting this Country far and near doth range.
Vast distance hence in Wilderness most wilde
His Being is, where Beasts of prey more milde
Then him inhabit, whose Confines none pass,
But life must hazard, or their worse distress.
Of such a one I chiefly wou'd enquire,
Reply'd this Knight, inflam'd with Martial Fire ;
Judging that he the shame of Honour lives,
That unto Man unjust Oppression gives.
Which brave Resolve, when by his Heroïn heard :
She said, Kind Sir, be yet a while deterr'd
Your forward Prowess, since your latest Fight
Requires your Toils should cease at least one Night :
When from untroubl'd Thought, and timely Rest,
You'll manage your ensuing Conduct best.

Thus

Thus *Phæbus* and his eager Steeds, some say,
 Bait and refresh before next burning day.
 Soon on these words the aged man took hold:
 Saying, What Cavalier, of Deeds most bold,
 Wou'd not to such a beauteous Prudence yield,
 That has espous'd your Perils long in Field?
 Wherefore take respite, as she does advise,
 That with more force your Glory may arise.
 Till when, with hers, let my perswasion joyn,
 And rest with me in the small home is mine.
 VWhich courteous offer did on them prevail,
 And next he guides them to a pleasant Vale,
 VWhere stood his Dwelling, far remov'd from Road,
 Befitting well strict Hermits sole Abode.
 A Chappel too there stood, near which did run
 Streams that had from a sacred Fountain sprung.
 Pleas'd they arriv'd, tho no Repast found here,
 But Rest, more welcome than delicious fare.
 VWhilst with smooth words this seeming Hermit past
 From Tale to Tale, so long as day did last:

Most touching Saints and Popes admir'd of old,
 And kiss'd his Beads when of their deeds he told.
 Soon had the Night their drowzy pow'rs inclin'd
 To welcome Sleep, the Bodys ease and Mind :
 VVhich seen, this old Deceiver gravely leads
 Them unto Rooms, where they, instead of Beds,
 On rushy Floors their weary Limbs repos'd,
 And with fast Sleep their heavy Eye-lids clos'd.
 VVhich when this man of cursed Arts did find,
 He to a Cell retires, in which all kind
 Of Magick Books and Spells he often us'd,
 And cou'd raise Fiends that other Charms refus'd.
 VVhere next, he hellish Poesy repeats,
 That Heaven blasphem'd, and prais'd infernal States.
 Proceeding thus, until the *Stygian* Frame
 Shook, and awak'd black *Pluto's* swarthy Dame :
 From whom he summon'd Sprights in number more
 Than Flies that swarm by Summers heatful power ;
 And these, like such, about his head did hum,
 VVaiting Commands from his curs'd lips might come.
 Of

Of which he two approv'd most swift cou'd fly
Through Airy Regions, and Invent worst Ly :
VVhilst for his purpose he bids one to stay,
As t'other shou'd his far Commands obey :
Injoyning him with utmost speed to find
The Seat of *Morpheus*, where, with drouzy Mind,
He near unto smooth *Theris* Bed doth rest
Clad in Night's blackest Mantle round his Breast.
Soon having past Oceans wide and deep,
This nimble Spirit found the God of Sleep,
Tho low repos'd in bosome of the Earth,
As seat of winds, or *Zephirus* moistest Birth ; (fine
VVhere trickling Streams from Rocks their passag
And joyn their murmers with the softest Wind.
Rudely he there the sleepy God had pulst,
And next from side to side his Body thrust ;
Yet cou'd not so his heavy Sense awake,
Till noise he louder in his Ear did make,
Then sounds of *Boreas* on the Northern shore,
VVhere waves to clouds he lifts by his rough power

At which the God, raising his lumpish head,
 Frowning demanded, by whose Errant sped
 He durst the sacred Residence molest
 Of him allow'd the Deity of Rest?
 To whom the Fiend reply'd, that him had sent
 Commanding *Archimago*, whose intent
 Must be obey'd, before again he close
 His drowzy Eye-lids, or his Soul repose.
 And did require, that from his slumbring Sence,
 The falsest Dream he shou'd by him dispencc.
 The easie God, unwilling to contend
 VVith Magick Pow'rs, delivers to this Fiend
 A Dream that various Falshoods did contain,
 And in his Cave till then had darkest layn :
 Like which no Hellish Charms before obtain'd,
 Or Poet with remotest Raptures feign'd.
 VVhich done, the slumbring *Morpheus* void of care
 Again repos'd, when mounting high in Air,
 The Fiend arriv'd to his enchanting Lord,
 VVhose wicked Brain did variously afford

Deep

Deep Magick Arts, and, e're return'd this Spright,
 Of t'other form'd a Beauty to the sight :
 Her tender parts compos'd of liquid Air,
 And for more wonder seem'd like *Una* fair.
 In Dress and comely Meen resembl'd so,
 As Twin to Twin did ne're such likenes show:
 The Spright that with the evil Dream arriv'd,
 VVith this Fictitious Beauty soon contriv'd
 How the bold Cavalier, that sleeping lay,
 They might to her alluring Form betray.
 To perfect which, with well instructed haste,
 Next to his slumbring head the Fiend was plac'd
 The Dream had brought, and by its Charms instill'd
 Thoughts that the Hero's sleep with Lust had fill'd:
 VVhose res'lute heart began to melt away,
 As he conceiv'd his Lady by him lay ;
 And with her loosest Grace did him invite
 To foul Desires, and wanton Love's delight:
 And tho the Daughter of a mighty King,
 Stain'd with the blackest guilt that Lust could bring

VVhom

Whom he before allow'd the chastest Flower,
 That e're was beautify'd by Natures Power:
 Whilst these sad Passions did his Soul affright;
 Songs, soft as *Hymen's*, gave his Ear delight:
 To which the Goddess *Flora* seem'd to dance
 With gayest Nymphs, that welcom Spring's advance:
 Then up he starts, when with amazed Eye
 He saw the beauteous Tempter next him lye,
 Offer'ing to kiss him with a blushing Grace,
 To liken more fair *Una's* modest Face.
 Wounded in Soul at this distastful Shame,
 He thought to kill her Body's lustful Frame.
 And as he thus resolv'd, with softest Grief
 And Tears constrain'd, she courts her Love's relief;
 Saying, What Woman's Breast can quench that fire,
 Which Stars and Love resistless do conspire?
 Tho I acknowledge, from my wretched State,
 Death due to me, or what is worse, your Hate:
 Yet pity well my youthful Love's Effort,
 And how for you I left my Father's Court,

To wander far as Fortune you should call ;
At which she stopt, whilst Tears did from her fall.
Then speaks and sighs, and weeps as much again,
So like to Grief, as none she seem'd to feign :
To which her Lover with Resentment said,
What makes your Virtue, Madam, now dismay'd,
That lately me encourag'd not to fear
When worst of Monsters did my Foes appear ?
Love of your self, said she, and dear Constraint,
Forc'd my Address to you, and sad Complaint ;
Who cou'd this tedious Night find no Repose,
Longing in your embrace my Eyes to close ;
Whilst you imploy in careless sleep your Time,
That least should nourish Lovers slothful Crime.
What fascination e're like this did move
The Soul of youthful Man inflam'd by Love ?
Yet since in her no actual Ill he knew,
He wou'd not rashly censure her untrue ;
But with advis'd deliberation saies,
If Love to me your softer Passion sways,

'Tis *Una* still in your bright Form I see,
 To whom no *Genius* bad can liken'd be.
 Let not then vain Distrust procure your smart;
 But to your Rest this gloomy Night depart.
 At which, with Grief conceal'd, the Fiend declin'd
 Further Attempts against his stedfast mind;
 Seeming to yield her false Desires appeas'd,
 Since 'twas his will by words she should be pleas'd;
 And moving from him with a feigned Grace,
 Withdrew, as if she'd find her resting Place.]
 Long had he ponder'd the uneasie thought
 Of her Address, resembling Woman nought;
 For whose defence his life he wou'd expose:
 Lying thus perplex'd till sleep his Eyes did close.
 Prone unto ease, o're-toil'd with former Fight,
 Yet cou'd not rest for Dreams of frail Delight:
 That seem'd to tantalize his drowzy Powers,
 With sights of Beauties lying in Beds and Bowers:
 And when all these had vanish'd from his Brain,
 He thought the former Fiend he found again.

CANTO II.

The Argument.

*The guileful great Inchanter parts
From Truth, the Red-Cross Chief;
And in her stead, by wicked Arts,
Fair Falshood works his Grief.*

Now had *Boetes* Team far past behind (clin
The *Northern Star*, when hours of night d
And chearful *Chanticleere*, with shrillest voice,
Exulting did day's near approach rejoyce;
When this profound Magician's hellish Sprights
By nodeluding Dreams, or feigned Sights,
Cou'd tempt the steady Hero to embrace
Pleasures that might induce his lapse from Grace
VVhich as this furious Necromancer knew,
To search his cursed Books he soon withdrew.

And standing in a Magick posture read
 Words, that his former Fiends imploy'd more bad;
 Of one of which he makes a Youthful Squire,
 Effeminate seem'd in Looks and vain Attire,
 Whom with the other miscreated fair,
 This wicked Artist meant his wanton pair.
 Which done he wakes his Warlike Guest in haste,
 Just as he had by sleep found some repast;
 After his troublesome Dreams and Visions fled,
 To whom his Cursed Hoast thus to him sed:
 With words thick utter'd, as if sudden fear
 His Sense surpriz'd, or danger to him near.
 Arise thou sloathful Man, and see the stain
 Of her thy Love and Virtue hop'd to gain.
 At which he starts, and with a Furious look
 His naked Weapon in his Hand he took;
 Following this Old Enchanter to the place
 Where the false Couple lay in vile Embrace;
 And seeing his only *Una*, as he thought,
 By Lust to shameless Prostitution brought:

Resolv'd to kill both Reeking in their Shame,
Had not his wicked Hoast withheld his Flame :
Who seem'd by Friendly dictates to advise,
How noble Minds should Passion most despise ;
Since never great Man's Fame did higher stand
From tender Woman's dying by his Hand.
Which words, tho' subtil, hardly did restrain
His sudden Fury, as his Eyes with pain
Beheld her Virtue fallen, whence oppress'd
With Pangs and Horrors, to his place of Rest
Returns again, wasting that doleful Night
With thoughts that might revenge her vitious spight
And now the Morning Star, of all most bright,
Foretold the near approach of dawning Light;
When up this Hero rose with troubled Breast,
Calling his Dwarf with an unusual haſt
To bring his Steed, that both away might Fly
From this Loath'd place of his Calamity.
When day ensuing, the sole Virgin left
Her place of rest, next finds her self bereft

Of her Brave Lover that unhappy hour:
 Whilst she lamenting cou'd no Cause deplore
 Of his neglect; her Dwarf too with him gone,
 And she left thus distress'd to weep alone;
 Yet him she grieving follow'd with what speed
 Her slow Beast's steps cou'd make to catch his Steed:
 Passing of tedious Hills, Dales, Woods, and Plains,
 In fruitless search of him who her disdains.
 But subtle *Archimago* when he saw
 His Guest's in such distraction to withdraw,
 And Beauteous *Una* left to pass alone
 Through Deserts, where her loss she'd sadest mourn;
 His Fiends he hug'd, and prais'd his Impious Arts,
 That to his wish had injur'd Virtuous Hearts:
 Nor there do's rest, but more accurs't devise
 How from their Grief his wicked Joy might rise;
 T'accomplish which by his deluding Art
 He out-do's *Proteus* Counterfeiting part.
 Changeing his shape unto Beasts, Foul, or Fish,
 Or Dragon most enraged seem'd to His:

That of himself for fear he often quakes,
As he by Spels his Metamorphoife makes ;
Until his Magick spite the form did chuse,
That most might his late injur'd Guest abuse.
His Person liken'd to the Red-Cross Knight,
The Virtuous *Una*'s safety and delight ;
And by his Shield, Steed, Crest and outward Grace
A Jolly Hero seem'd in t'other's place.
But he whose feign'd resemblance thus appear'd,
From jealous Mind his Lady false had fear'd ;
Intending with impetuous haste to ride
Far as his resolute Grief his Steed cou'd guide :
Till, as he wander'd, meeting on the way
A Faithless *Sarazin* clad in Armour gay ;
Fiercely design'd all good Men to annoy :
And like his Soul, by Name was call'd *Sans-Foy*.
Mighty he shew'd in Limbs and every part,
Defying God and Man with his proud Heart.
With him a Lady did Companion ride,
Who comely cou'd her wanton Palfrey guide ;

Whole

VVhose Bit with Golden Bells and Bosses rung,
 Her Saddle Rich, and with best Trappings hung;
 Her Habit choicest Silk of Scarlet Red
 Purfl'd with Gold and Pearl, and on her Head
 A Stately *Persian* Mitre studded o're
 VVith various figur'd Gem's she gayly wore:
 Giv'n her by Lavish Lovers fond excess,
 VVhilst goodly seem'd her Beauties Native dress.
 And as this Amorous Couple forward went,
 Their softest Gestures solac'd their intent.
 But when he saw a Cavalier Advance,
 And with his Spear oppose her dalliance;
 She bade her *Sarazin* provide to Fight,
 If his Arms durst oblige his Lady's fight.
 At which on Spurs, against his Foe he rides, [sides.
 Whose stroaks drew streams of Blood from his Steeds
 Soon had the Red-Cross Chief his Fury spy'd,
 VVho couching of his Spear did towards him ride;
 VVhilst soon each other they so fierce assault,
 That their Steeds stagger'd as their Riders fought:
 Until

Until astonish'd by the Blows they strook,
Their constrain'd Valours had some respite took.
As when two Ram's their pushing fury shew,
Striving to rule the Flock and fairest Ewe :
Amazed stand after their Horned shock
And furious Brows 'gainst one another knock.
Thus stood these two, until the *Sarazin*,
VVith his huge Sword do's fiercer Fight begin.
VVhose Foe not only did avoid the harm,
But Blows returns ; as if a Fury's Charm
His Steel had guided, or that some vast Oak
He wou'd have hew'd to Shivers at each stroak :
Yet neither stirs, tho' from their Blows each Shield
Strikes Fire; and wounds deep dye the verdant Field
Curse said the *Sarazin* upon that Cross,
That saves from me thy Lifes designed Loss ;
Dead else I'm sure thou had'st been long ago,
And if thou canst stand safe from this rough blow
I now thee give, which forc'd against his Crest,
Hew'd part away, and glanc'd upon the rest.

VVhich

VWhich tho' the Red-Cross Chief had deeply felt,
 Yet finding that of his no Blood was spilt :
 To Heaven he first erects his thankful Eyes,
 And next, like Lightnings force, by swift surprize
 His glittering Sword his Enemies Head does cleave,
 And tumbling from his Horse him dead did leave:
 VWho dying grudg'd to fall by human power,
 That Mightiest Men had vanquish'd till that hour.
 VWhose Bloody Mouth his Mother Earth next kiss'd,
 VWhilst his Soul flew where Ghosts and Devils hiss'd.
 The Lady when she saw her Champion's fall,
 (Like some vast remnant of a broken VVall)
 Stay'd not to mourn his woful end with Tears,
 But from his Victor hast's with busie fears.
 VWhich by this Chief perceiv'd, he bids his Dwarf
 Bring with him the vast *Sarazin's* Shield and Scarf
 As his won Trophies, and next on his Steed
 He follows her, and soon o'retakes her speed ;
 Inviting her by Courteous words to stay,
 Since no Act he'd attempt shou'd her dismay.

VWhen

VWhen turning towards him with a sorrowful Brow
She begg'd that Mercy he'd vouchsafe to shew
Distressed VWoman, of all aid bereft,
And to Implore his goodness solely left.
VWhich words deliver'd with an Humble Grace,
His Noble Soul grants pittie to her Case :
Saying, your Fortune Madam I lament,
Nor was your Champion slain with my intent
Your Tears shou'd follow, wherefore let me know
VWhat briefly may with yours his story shew.
To whom she did Lamenting thus express,
Tho' low I am reduc'd by your Success;
And Fortune now commits me to your power,
The only Daughter of an Emperour ;
VWhose Mighty Scepter the wide *West* do's Rule,
His Seat at *Rome* the VVorlds best Martial School.
But what avails my Birth alas to tell,
Or Fate that since on my Youth's flower beset :
Betroth'd unto a great Kings only Heir,
Of comely form and soul'd above compare ;

Never

Never lov'd VWoman Man more truly kind,
 VWhen cruel Fate, before our Marriage joyn'd,
 Him by a Murderer's bloody Hand did slay;
 For which I grieve to live until this Day.
 His blessed Body spoyl'd of lively Breath
 From me conceal'd, of whose most Innocent death
 VWhen Tydings came to me, unhappy Maid,
 VWith deepest sorrow then my Love assaid
 By searck and Travel his dead Corps to find,
 Feeling my wound as do's the stricken Hind.
 At last it chanc'd that in my wandring Course,
 I was by this proud *Sarazin* seiz'd by force,
 Yet never cou'd from me the Fort obtain
 VWhose vicious Loss giv's Virgin highest stain.
 There lyes *Sans-Foy*, and might my wish succeed,
 His Impious Race as fatally should Bleed.
 Two of his wicked Brothers yet remain
Sans-Joy one call'd, *Sans-Loy* the tother's Name:
 VWhilst I, distres'd *Fidessa*, truly tell
 The Casual Griefs my Love and Life besel.

May

May these your Pitty move, and if not so,
Offer no harm if you no kindness show.
Deeply this Hero weigh'd what she had told,
Yet more desir'd her Feature to behold :
Saying, that her concerns might surely find
Compassion from a Soul then his less kind ;
On which assurance she may safely rest,
Nay judge his Prowess for her Service Blest :
Which had defeated that vile Man's intent,
Whose raging Lust design'd her ravishment.
What change then this cou'd more oblige her Eyes,
Or Man by Valour wou'd conspicuous rise.
Which sayd, she downward cast her Blushing Face,
More to resemble Virgins Modest Grace ;
Yet by her silence did enough Implye,
That her soft Genius least wou'd Love deny ;
How coyly mingl'd e're her Looks did show,
As he did Courtly Mirth on her bestow.
And thus they forward rid, till burning day
Caus'd them to seek some shelter in their way :

When,

When, weary with long Travelling, they found
Two mighty Oaks whose Massy Limbs the Ground
Far shaded, tho' no fearful Shepherd there
Durst with his merry Pipe rejoyce his Ear.
Hither arriv'd, they from their Steeds alight,
And with their best devoyres themselves delight :
Whilst this great Chief, by his two kind mistake,
Thought Heaven of Mortals her did brightest make.
And as he thus Employ'd his gentle Wit,
A Garland for her Brow resolv'd to fit
With choicest Branches of these mighty Trees ;
Which pluck'd from them, like open'd Veins he sees
Small drops of Blood to his amazement flow,
And next a dreadful Voice hears speak below ;
Crying, O Cease with guilty Hands to tear
My tender sides, much safer were your fear
Of this sad place, where Fate on me besel
Who Lov'd a wretched Lady but too well :
Love truly dear, since never death before
Has Lovers cost the Change that we deplore.

Astonish'd

Astonish'd at this Voice a while he stood,
Cold Horror having seiz'd his warmest Blood:
Or like to one that in a Trance do's speak,
Till by degrees his Soul is more awake;
Dubiously asks, If Voice of Man or Ghost
Did from that Tree his disturb'd Sense accost ?
When with deep Groans the Voice reply'd again,
That no Fiend did within that Bark remain,
But me *Frاندابio* turn'd into a Tree
By a curst Witch my Fatal Enemye :
And standing thus Transform'd do suffer pains,
As hot and cold Extreame afflict my Veins.
Say on *Frاندابio* then, this Chief replies,
Whether in Man or Tree thy Soul now lyes.
He oft find ease who sorrow do's impart,
Whilst grief Conceal'd adds grief unto the Heart.
The source says he, kind Sir, of all my smart,
Proceeds from false *Duessā's* Magick Arts :
When in my Prime of Youth and Valor's Fire,
A Gentle Lady's Love was my desire :

Next

Next me she stands converted to a Tree,
 And would bleed too, if pluck'd as you did me :
 With whom, as once I rode, I did behold
 An armed man, who seem'd a Champion bold :
 A Lady fair did next him likened ride,
 Whose outward Looks did foul *Dueffa* hide.
 He *Hector*-like for his feign'd Beauty stood,
 While I defended mine with loss of Blood :
 Mine that more bright than Morning-Star appear'd,
 Or Nymph, with figur'd *Venus* best compar'd :
 For whose defence, by Arms I did compell
 That bold Man's force as he in Combat fell ;
 And by this Martial chance, of him bereft,
 His Lady was to me his Victor left.
 Who now possesse of Beauties unlike fair,
 One seeming such, t'other so above compare.
 A time there was, within my thoughts I cast,
 Which of their Forms in Beauty most surpass ;
 And had a rosie Chaplet then decreed,
 As I held either brightest did exceed.

D

Whilst

Whilst I their beauteous Competition found,
Enough to stagger Love to neither bound.
Freliffa matchless fair appear'd to me,
When false *Duessa* seem'd as fair as she.
The wicked Witch perceiving all the while
My dubious Thoughts, resolv'd me to beguile;
And by her hellish Science did convey
A Mist, that wrapt in dark the shining day;
And sadly blasting my *Freliffa's* Face,
The monstrous Hag seem'd beauteous in her place
Who next bids me behold the deform'd sight
Of her so late did human Eyes delight :
Terming her beauteous Charms vile Witchcraft
For which Death ought to end her wicked part
Provoked thus, *Freliffa's* Blood I ad spilt,
Had not the Witch restrain'd me from that guilt.
So leaving her where now she stands a Tree,
Duessa in her stead I took with me.
Which cursed Hag I courted as my Dame,
Judging her outward Form deserv'd my Flame;

Spencer Redivivus.

Till on a day that was for wonder prime,
VVhen VVitches suffer Penance for their Crime;
I chanc'd to see her in her proper hew,
Filthy, and old, as loathing Eye could view;
Her monstrous secret parts in water hid,
Yet not by it inspection was forbid;
As through that *Medium* I beheld her more
Deform'd, than I thought VVoman e're before.
Thenceforth from her I did intend to fly,
As Heaven admitted opportunity.
VVhen she mistrusting of my laid design,
Her Magick Powers against me worse did joyn.
VVho to my sleeping Person next apply'd
Enchanted Oils, my Body so depriv'd,
That when I wak'd my Senses me forsook:
At which advantage me her VVitchcrafts took,
Bringing me wretched to this desert Ground;
And next my hapless Lady compass'd round
By VValls of VVood, as you behold us here
In Trees to pine, which our sad Fates declare.

Wt how long said the mighty Chief must you
 Inclosed thus your destin'd Sorrows show?
 To which the Voice reply'd, that they must dwell
 Chang'd as they stood, till in a living Well
 Their Limbs were bath'd, which only cou'd restor
 Them to their pristine Shapes and vital Power.
 Happy were I, said he, if for your sakes
 My search cou'd find the Well such Life partakes.
 The false *Duess*a, now *Fidess*a feign'd,
 Heard how in vain *Fradubio* had complain'd.
 Whilst the great Hero full of ghastly fear,
 As from this Tree he human Speech did hear:
 The bleeding Bow he thrust into the Ground,
 And clos'd with Clay the former wooden VVound
 That he no guilty mark from thence might bear:
 VVhose Pity most would hapless Lovers spare.
 VVhich done, he to his Lady did return,
 VVho lifeless seem'd those Accidents to mourn.
 Pale was her Face, and dim appear'd her Eyes,
 Like one that faints in sounding-Fits, or dyes.

Spencer Redivivus. 12

VWhen this great Cavalier with careful Pain
Her Body rais'd, and Temples rubb'd in vain.
Next, to her Lips employs his amorous Charms,
Kissing her oft incompas'd by his Arms.
And as if Love cou'd only her revive,
She by degrees from Kisses seem'd to live.
VWhich when the *Red-Cross* Chief with Joy espy'd,
He lifts her to her Steed, and on they ride.

C A N T O III.

The Argument.

*Best Truth her long sought Love bewails,
And makes the Lyon mild:
Spoils blind Devotion's Trade, and falls
To power of Leacher vile.*

W^Hat can of human things afflict the Mind,
Like Fortune that to Beauty proves unkind:
And I, whom her bright Virtues do compell,
Vou'd for her sake in mournful Verse excell.

Spencer Redivivus.

to which soft impulse my Muse aspires,
That splendors most in Woman-kind admires,
And now the Passion of my Soul's so deep
For fairest *Una*, that my Eyes cou'd steep
Each Line I write of her distress in Tears,
By cruel means expos'd to endless Cares,
Soul'd more than great, tho Daughter of a King,
And clear her truth as light from Heaven does spring
Love fill'd her Breast, yet by his love forlorn,
Whose Loss she wandring does in Desarts mourn,
Yet him, alas! too impiously betray'd
By *Archimago's* Spells and conjuring Aid,
She poor distressed Virgin far had sought,
Where none wish'd Tidings of her Lover brought
And now full weary of her irksome way,
From her slow Beast she lights, and down did lay
Her weary Limbs, where Trees their shadows spread
Untying first her Fillet from her Head :
And taking off her Stole, her Angel-face
Like Sun-shine did illuminate the place,

Thus she repos'd, when from th' adjacent Wood
A Lyon rush'd that hunted after Blood;
And as he did the Royal Virgin spy,
With gaping Mouth at her run greedily.
But when he near his beauteous Prey arriv'd,
Noble remorse his hungry flame deny'd:
Instead of which he kiss'd her weary Feet,
And with kind licks her snow-white hands did greet.
O force of Beauty, that cou'd him command,
Whom nothing living cou'd by strength withstand:
Which seen, her Heart in Tears began to melt,
As for his sake sh'ad now affection felt;
Saying, What Pity does this mighty Lord
Of the World's Creatures to my Grief afford;
Whilst my Love's Sovereign whom I did adore,
Leaves me thus lost his hatred to deplore?
Which words their Eccho's from the Wood did find,
Till Tears staid further utterance of her Mind.
And closing in her Breast her Sorrows Pain,
She on her Snow-white Palfrey got again.

Resolv'd her far stray'd Champion to pursue,
Whilst for her guard the Lyon marched too.
And when she toil'd with Travel sleep wou'd take,
He watch'd her rest, and gladly saw her wake.
And if by looks she her Intent design'd :
Her looks he waited to obey her mind.
Long she thus journey'd through Defarts wide,
Before she Path or living thing espy'd ;
Until at length she found where trodden Grass
Under a hoary Mountain's bottom was:
Where she beheld a Damsel slowly tread,
Bearing a Pail of water on her head :
To whom approach'd, she kindly did enquire
If place were near, to which she might retire?
Yet nothing wou'd this home-bred Maid reply,
Who Lady thought strange Vision to her Eye.
And seeing by her side the Lyon staid,
Threw down her Pot, and ran far more afraid :
Nor did she cease her utmost speed till come
In sad amaze to her blind Mother's home.

To whom arriv'd, fear took her Speech away :
Instead of which, the trembling hands did lay
On her dark Parent, who, tho wanting Sight,
By feeling understood her strange Affright :
And cou'd by use, tho sightless, shut her Door,
Hoping that might from danger them secure.
Soon to the Wicket beauteous *Una* came,
And gently did her refus'd entrance blame.
But when her mighty Page perceiv'd that none
The Door wou'd open, his rude Claws alone
The Wicket into many shivers rent,
At which so great was their Astonishment:
That both unto a secret Corner made,
Where the dark Mother her Devotion pay'd,
By numerous *Pater Nosters* every day,
And *Ave Marias*, which she us'd to say :
And to augment her painful Penance more,
She fasted oft, and courst sackcloth wore.
But now her Beads she had forgot for fear:
Which to remove, kind *Una's* Words did chear

Her

Her tim'rous Soul, when she at length did pray
That in her House the time of Night she'd stay.
Down lies sad *Una* less to rest than weep,
Whilst at her Feet the Lyon watch does keep;
Till she in Groans and Tears the Night had spent,
Like one her Hero's Loss cou'd still lament.
And now the nightly Stars were mounted high,
And sleep's Repose most clos'd the drouzy Eye;
When veh'mently one knocked at the Door,
Yet knock'd not louder than he curst and swore,
Who boldly his bad entrance did command,
Loaded with Goods stole by his impious Hand,
Giving what e're he any time purloyn'd
Unto the Daughter of this Woman blind,
With whom he long had secret Whordom us'd,
And for Lust's Bribe no evil Theft refus'd.
His violent Tongue and knocking at the Door,
The Women knew, accusom'd to't before.
But durst not give him entrance, as then lay
The watchful Lyon staring in their way.

At which the sturdy Thief impatient grew,
 And next by force the Wicket open threw.
 Which when the noble Beast with scorn beheld,
 The bold Intruder in his Paws he held;
 Whom to resist 'twas vain, or help to call,
 So soon he tore the man in pieces small.
 Spilling his impious Blood upon the Floor,
 VVhere he had acted heinous Crimes before.
 VVhose fearful Friends as they wore out the night,
 Durst not shed Tears, or own their bloody Fright:
 Lest the same Fate shou'd on their Persons fall
 By him, for *Una's* sake durst kill 'em all.
 And now day's streaks adorn'd the Eastern Skies,
 VVhen up this Beauty and her Lyon rise;
 Fully resolv'd her wandering Chief to seek,
 Tho with more pains than the Heroick *Greek*
 Compass'd the Earth; yet by her search despairs
 T'oblige his love that caus'd her restless Cares.
 VVith such Disasters her soft Soul complies
 To follow him that from her farthest flies.

She

She being gone, out went the old blind Dame,
And her lov'd Daughter full of wrathful Flame.
VVho finding *Kirkrapine* there dead to lie,
They tore their Hair for Grief, and loud did cry.
And when they both had rag'd, and wept their fill,
Half mad through Malice and revengeful VVill,
They overtook best *Una* on her way,
Gainst whom they railing lewdest things did say;
Terming her worse than impious bloody VVhore,
And wish'd that endless Plagues she might deplore
But when they saw their Curses nought prevail'd,
They back returning their dead Thief bewail'd:
And meeting *Archimago* clad in Arms,
He bids them stay, if he might know their Harms:
VVho now fair *Una* sought in vile disguise,
And Author first of her worst Miseries:
Bidding the blind old Woman to him say
If she had Lady known who pass'd that way.
VVhich heard, she soon her Passion did renew,
Telling how lately she a Harlot knew;

That

That Caus'd her to shed many bitter Tears,
 And next relates the Story of her fears.
 Much he appear'd to pity her Mishap;
 Whilst in his inward Mind his Soul did laugh :
 In hope these Tydings might him soon direct
 To find the Lady and more Ills effect.
 Whom to pursue he forward did advance
 His fair enchanted Steed and Charmed Lance.
 Not long he rid till *Una* he descry'd,
 And that wild Champion marching by her Side.
 Surpriz'd at which he next consults his fear,
 Nor durst with all his Spels approach too near:
 But turning to one Hand a Hill he took,
 By which she passing might upon him look.
 And from his seeming Shield and Person feign'd,
 Think she had her Lov'd Hero's sight regain'd.
 Soon her quick Eye beheld his Likeness there,
 And next approaching with humble fear ;
 Weeping, thus said to her supposed Lord,
 Wretched is *Una* if by you abhorr'd :

Unknown

Unknown to her whence your displeasure's rise,
Or why she lost the Comfort of your Eyes,
Tho' much I griev'd for fear you thought amis,
And now to welcom you rejoyce no less.
To whom he answer'd, think not dearest Dame
That e're neglect of you shall Brand my Name:
Since you best Princess did my Love renowne
Above all Chiefs that serv'd your Fathers Throne.
Sooner the Earth may cease her fruitful skill,
Then your desert my Soul not amplest fill.
True 'tis, from you a while depart I did,
To Court your Beauty by more deeds atchiev'd;
And might perhaps, had you discern'd my Aim,
Have grievous seem'd unto your softer flame.
Well you remember *Archimago* told
Me of a Felon that with Courage bold
Had many Gallant Men despoyl'd and kill'd,
For which his Blood, I, their Avenger, spill'd.
Let this brave Story your Complaint appease,
And bid me next serve you on Land or Seas.

Much

Much did these words her sad Complaint remove,
 As what so soon do's Cure Love's grief as Love.
 Forgetting next that ever she repin'd
 Her self deserted, or thought him unkind.
 Whilst by her Sight the happy Object found,
 Whom she so far had sought on pathless Ground.
 Or as the long Toyl'd Marriner espies
 The Port for which his fullest Sails he plyes:
 His chearful Voice do's then expel the fear
 Of Storms and Oceans, once his restless Care.
 Thus *Una* did, whilst, more to mock her Toyls,
 The vile Enchanter welcoms her with Smiles:
 And pittying of her dreadful late distress,
 Seem'd, in her Eyes beheld, his own to blefs.
 Next ask'd her how the Lyon came to be
 So fond a Guardian of her Inn'cency.
 Gladly her Story unto him she told,
 VVhen not far riding they a Man behold;
 VVho on a Courser fiercely them did Meet,
 That rageing seem'd his Iron Bit to eat

As his Stern Ryder spurr'd his Foaming fide ;
On whose strong Shield in Bloody Lines was dy'd
Sans-Loy's bold Name, who near approach'd this pair,
And seeing a Cheif the Red-Cross seem'd to bear ;
Resolv'd by force of Arms with him to trye
Which shou'd be most renown'd for Chivaldry.
Whilst rather to adventure Life was Loath,
Till *Una's* Virtue had Condemn'd his sloath.
At whose encouragement his tim'rous Soul ,
Ignoble fear, adventur'd to Controwl.
And spurring of his Steed, with bold intent
Against *Sans-Loy* his Mighty Foe he went.
But that proud Pagan forward came so fierce,
As the vain crossed Shield he quite did pierce.
And had the opposite Steed not shrunk for fear,
Through Arms and Body he had forc'd his Spear:
Yet in that onset did such Vigour show,
As to the Ground compell'd his Armed Foe.
Whom, as he Bleeding on the surface lay,
His Victor thought more surely soon to slay.

And

And nimble lighting from his lofty Steed,
 Rejoyc'd his Vengeance did *Sans-Foy's* exceed:
 Whose Ghost he said no more revenge shou'd wait,
 Or to the *Red-Cross* Chief expect Death's Fate:
Sans-Foy he kill'd, *Sans-Loy* his life shall take,
 And to Hell's Furies him an Off'ring make:
 Attempting next his Helmet to unlace;
 Till beauteous *Una* Mercy begg'd apace:
 Adding, that since his Enemy does yield
 By Arms his Prowess vanquished in Field,
 Too cruel 'twere more mortal him to wound,
 Whom of all Hero's she most faithful found.
 Yet could not these lamenting words assuage
 The fierce intendment of his mighty Rage:
 And pulling off the Helmet from his head,
 At one huge blow he meant to leave him dead:
 But when instead of him he did behold
 The hoary Head of *Archimago* old,
 Whose Charms and Person well to him were known;
 Not less he wondred than aſham'd to own

E

Th' encounter

Th'encounter with that aged Man he sought,
Whom, to weild arms, War's School had never taught:
Saying, Vain Fool, by what frail Magick Art
Wer't thou allur'd to act a Champions Part?
Or couldst thou hope thy Spells cou'd thee defend,
VWhen with the bold *Sans-Loy* thou didst contend;
Who heretofore did *Archimago* call
His Learned Friend, and pities now his Fall.
I judg'd thee him whose Prowess I defy'd,
Else ne're my Arms thy feeble Strength had try'd.
Nothing he answer'd, like to one that lay
In Trance, or could his life no longer stay.
And thus this Champion left him on the Ground,
Not further taking notice of his Wound:
Vex'd that he him the *Red-Cross* Chief believ'd,
Or that his bold disguise his Arms deceiv'd.
But when he saw the beauteous Virgin stand
Amaz'd to be thus mock'd by Fates Command:
Who from a feign'd Resemblance had suppos'd
Her truest Hero by best Stars dispos'd

To find her in her solitary Course,
Now idleſſe ſees her ſelf from human force:
Which wounding thoughts ſhe ſcarce revolv'd ere he
Had ſeiz'd her Perſon with rough Cruelty:
And on her cleanly Garment taking hold,
Diſmounts her next her Viſage to behold.
Whiſt her fierce Servant ſeeing his injur'd Dame,
With open Mouth againſt th' Aggreſſor came;
And ramping on his Shield, plac'd there his Paws;
Intending it to rend with his ſtrong Claws.
But Luſt and Courage joyn'd, the Man avail'd
Above the Lyon's force, that him aſſail'd:
Who drawing of his mighty Sword, compell'd
The Prince of ſtrength no more to gripe his Shield;
So vaſt his force, ſo ſkill'd his war-like hand,
As he this matchleſs Creature cou'd withſtand;
Piercing his hardy Breſt till from his Steel
The vanquiſh'd Lyon Pangs of Death did feel:
When looking kindly on his Lady's Face,
His dying Eyes for her ſake wept apace:

And shaking of the Earth with his last roar,
Seem'd to lament he cou'd her serve no more.
How then forlorn was left the Royal Maid,
Or what cou'd from this Conqueror's Will her aid?
Her mighty Guardian slain by his strong hand,
That could her Beauty for his Spoil command.
Which, as a lawless Victor of the Field,
With foul reproach he bids her soon to yield ;
And forcing her to mount his nimble Steed,
In highest Fury on with her did speed.
To stay which violence, with deep Grief and Tears
She press'd her Sorrows on his stubborn Ears.
VVhat heart but his had not Compassion felt,
By seeing the weeping Showrs each step she spilt.
VVhilst nothing cou'd his rancrous mind assuage,
The Spurs of Lust still forwarding his rage.
Her servile Beast, more sensible than he
That thus inhuman forc'd her Misery,
Follow'd as fast as his slow steps could move,
Shewing at once his Pity and his Love.

Far had his grateful strength her person brought,
 And for his Burthen now again her fought.
 VVhen Man she fear'd the worst of Beasts to find,
 VVhose Lust, when brutal, wildest is unkind.

CANTO IV.

The Argument.

*Dueffa to Pride's house does lead
 The faithful Red-Cross Knight,
 Where to revenge a Brother dead,
 Sans-Joy moves him to fight.*

THe man that would his worth unblemish'd
 And to Heroick Deeds annex his Praise: ^{[raise,}
 Ought to beware how his Affections range,
 Or by what wiles his Lover's part does change.
 Lest he unjustly should her Vertue blame,
 That first oblig'd his Love and war-like Flame.
 All which the *Red-Cross* Hero here besel,
 Howe're besides his glorious Deeds excel.

Who after vertuous *Una* he forlook,
And in her stead the false *Duess*a took,
(That with a counterfeited Face and Fame,
Had given her self *Fidess*a's worthy Name)
Was pleas'd to wander with this seeming Fair,
Till they arriv'd where stately Buildings were ;
Whose glorious Structures did appear to be
The Palace of some mighty Majesty.
T'wards which a broad High-way was seen to lead
Where num'rous Crowds by day and night did tread
Like Passengers for Business do resort
To Seats of Justice, or a Prince's Court.
But few return'd, whatever was their Case,
Without scorn'd Poverty, or worse Disgrace;
And ever after in a loathsome way,
As foulest Beggars by the Hedges lay.
Hither *Duess*a does this Hero guide,
And hasts him as to this vile place they ride:
Feigning her tender Person much diseas'd,
Till that day's lingering time of Travel ceas'd:

And thus unto this Palace they arriv'd,
That of squar'd Brick unmorter'd was contriv'd,
To wonder high, yet neither broad nor strong,
Whose walls, as if with Gold cover'd all along,
So radiant were, as the rich Evening's Skie
Appear'd not half so glorious to the Eye.
On them stood lofty Galleries and Towers,
Full of large Windows, and delightful Bowers.
And that Time might not unregarded flow,
A Dial on the top day's hours did show.
Full goodly look'd this Structure in each part,
And spake the greatness of th' Inventer's Art.
Yet so frail did its vast Foundation stand,
That on a Hill 'twas rais'd of fleeting Sand.
VVhilst every Breath of Heaven did seem to call
Upon the tott'ring Bulk to hast its fall.
VVhose hinder Arch'tecture, that few cou'd spy,
VVas ruinous old, but painted wondrously.
Being enter'd, they directly forward pass,
Each Gate to every Corner open was.

Yet so committed to a Porter tall,
VVho none deny'd to enter Room or Hall.
VVhere Ornaments of VVar and costly Sights,
The strange Spectator's curious Eye delights.
Tho greatest numbers hither did resort
To view the Mistress of so bright a Court.
Passing these Rooms they unto higher rise,
And Presence-Chambers more their Sense surprize
To which, for Glory, Pleasure's highest Sphere,
Or softest *Persian* Court could not compare,
Nor less to admiration was beheld,
How beauteous Persons in Attire excell'd;
That there resembled Lords and Ladies great,
The filling Ornaments of Royal State,
High above all a sumptuous Throne was seen,
On which there sate a beauteous Maiden Queen:
Adorn'd with Robes, and Gems, that shin'd as bright
As Summer's Sun in his Meridian height.
Yet all these Glories could but dimly share
VVith Splendors by her Beams dispersed were.

And

And like to *Phaeton*, *Phæbus* fairest Son,
That proudly fought his Father's Steeds to run,
Till they enrag'd his Conduct did despise,
And toſs'd his Perſon from the burning Skies.
Here this ambitious Beauty wou'd poſſeſs
The haughty luſters of her Throne and Dreſs :
Who ſitting high, more highly guides her Look,
As if her Beams no ſight of Earth could brook.
Nor ever would her ſcornful Eye incline,
But to behold how charmingly did ſhine
Her Form reflected from a Glaſs ſhe bore
In her right hand, her ſelf thence to adore.
Under whoſe proud Feet a monſtrous Dragon lay,
That ſeem'd to watch her Looks and them obey.
Daughter ſhe was unto the King of Hell,
But ſcorn'd her Parentage ſo low ſhould dwell :
And would by Birth, if poſſible, aſpire
Above Celeſtial Ruler for her Sire.
So ſwell'd the vaſtneſs of her haughty Mind,
That neither Heaven or Hell her Pride confin'd.

Whence

Whence Queen *Lucifera* some did her call,
Yet rightly Kingdom she had none at all.
Having usurp'd, with a tyrannick Hand,
The mighty Scepter she did then command.
And subtly counsell'd by six Wizzards old,
More artful did her lawless Rule uphold.
Soon as did here the *Red Cross* Knight appear,
And false *Duessa* seeming special fair.
Agawdy Usher, *Vanity* by Name,
To aid their Passage most officious came:
And next conducts them to the sumptuous Throne
Where was this Queen of Pride and Beauty shown.
Declaring there how far her Fame had spread,
That, to admire her, Strangers thither led.
With lofty Eyes, scarce deigning low to look
And slightest Thanks she their Addresses took.
And tho' they kneel'd, scarce bad 'em to arise,
Whilst her great Lords and Ladies did devise,
How their proud Emulations might appear
From Meen and Dress and curious order'd Hair.

Yet more *Duessa's* welcome to express,
 They kindest Gallantries to her address;
 Who well unto this haughty Court was known:
 But to the Fairy Knight Caresses shown
 Far more remiss than he had hop'd to find,
 Whose Deeds and Birth so famous him design'd.
 When from her Throne did rise this stately Queen,
 And calls her Coach, to be as gayly seen.
 Which word pronounc'd, all soon for her make way:
 Whilst like *Aurora's* Purples her's display,
 When from the East she dawning-day does call.
 Thus pass'd this Queen her spacious Rooms and Hall,
 Where strait'ned Crowds did almost breathless gaze
 Upon her Splendors, which did all amaze.
 Being come without, she does her Coach ascend
 By aid of Cringing Gallants her attend.
 Which shin'd with Gold adorn'd, and Garlands fresh,
 As *Flora* wears in her choice Vernal Dress.
 Not *Juno's* brightest Chair, at which some tell
 The God's admire, could this Dame's Seat excell.

Tho

Tho drawn with heavenly Peacock's wings display'd,
And their proud Tails with *Argos* Eyes array'd.
Six Beasts of different kinds her proud Coach drew,
On which her Ministers did mounted shew.
Of whom the first, to all the rest a Guide,
Was *Sloth*, who on a heavy Ass did ride:
His Habit Black, like Priest too coil'd his head,
And fat as Monk that never Mass had sed.
His hand a fully'd Mistle seem'd to bear,
Tho most, Monastick Ease imploy'd his Care.
And could not here uphold his drowzy Frame,
T' observe or time, or way, as on he came.
From worldly Cares he still himself would free,
As if his Soul was total Piety:
Yet never time of Riot did omit,
How dull soe're his Person mov'd or Wit.
From which bad means, Disease his Body plies,
And Rheum, like Mists, obscure his dropping Eyes.
Yet must this lazy Servant foremost lead,
As Idleness would always Pride precede.

Next

Next whom rode *Gluttony* upon a Swine,
 His pamper'd Belly swell'n with Meat and Wine
 His Eyes with fatness fill'd, his Purple Nose
 Studded with Pimples his rich Surfeits shows.
 His Neck, Crane-like, was rather tall than strong;
 And, as *Lucullus* wish'd, perceived long
 The Taste of pleasing Viands, whilst the Poor,
 With empty Stomachs left his hated Door.
 Who all the way, worse than his ridden Beast,
 Spew'd up the Reliques of a former Feast.
 For Coolness he in green Vine Leaves was clad,
 And on his head an Ivy Garland had:
 Yet still his Body grossest Sweat distill'd,
 And tho he eating rode cou'd seem unfill'd.
 Whose trembling hand did bear a liquor'd Cup,
 Of which his drunken Thirst did often sup.
 The meanest Monster of all human Race,
 Tho lavish Pride had here advanc'd his place.
 Next him did lustful *Leachery* appear
 Upon a whall-ey'd Goat of coursest Hair;

Which

Which Creatures looks and heat might emblem'd tell
Man's jealous Pangs, the *Leacher's* inward Hell.
Who, tho he course-complexion'd here did look,
Of fairest Ladies had smooth Kisses took;
When finer Lips could no such Blessings taste,
So odly *Venus* rules below the waste.
Fresh cloath'd in green he with this Crew did ride,
VVhich Garment did his loathsom body hide.
And in his hand a burning Heart he bore,
By lustful Follies fill'd, and Oaths he swore.
For false he was, and impious in his Lies,
Yet subtly cou'd by Looks fair Looks surprize.
And read in Stories that adorn'd Love's Tales,
Applies 'em to the Breast which he assails.
Yet so inconstant was his wandring mind,
That for fresh Lust he still new Love could find.
And when he had deceiv'd frail VVoman's Heart,
He thought his Charms out-did smooth *Cupid's* dart.
Tho Lewdness fill'd him with reproachful Pain,
And thus rode *Lust* third greatest of this Train.

Next

Next him lean *Avarice* did a Camel ride,
 Burden'd by Trunks of Gold hung on each side.
 And in his Lap a heap of Coin he told,
 VVho thought for Money Heaven was cheaply sold.
 Accursed Usury being all his Trade,
 And Interest upon Int'rest heaviest laid.
 Nor rest by day or night could duly take,
 Frighted by causeless Fears for Money's sake.
 VVhose wants had end but none his greedy mind,
 That from no lack of wealth still wealth design'd.
 Near unto Death his pining Life was brought,
 He daily lessning of the Food it fought.
 But could at other Tables largest eat,
 VVhen without charge of his he sneak'd for Meat.
 A thread-bare Coat and cobled Shoes he wore,
 From his pinch'd Body's wants to raise his store.
 Yet Child had none or Kinsman to succeed,
 So far did Nature stint his impious Breed.
 The Curse of Riches his vext Nerves could show,
 Through which a constant hungry Gout did flow.

Fifth

Fifth unto these was *Envy* mounted seen
Upon a VVolf, his Visage pale and lean:
VVho wish'd, like Basilisks, his piercing sight
Could kill all such as he at heart did spite.
VVithin his Canker'd Teeth and ven'mous Jaw
A poisonous Toad he greedily did chaw.
VVhilst still his envious Bosom Malice fed,
VVhich his despite at others Blessings bred.
And wept because no cause of Grief he had,
Being only at the harm of Mankind glad.
Of various colour'd Serge his Vest was made,
On which by paint were many Eyes display'd.
And as he rode he hated to behold
The covetous Man that next him Money told.
Bad Men he envy'd, if by Ill they thriv'd,
And 'gainst the happy good no less contriv'd.
And when their Alms had hungry Bowels fed,
He Ostentation That interpreted.
VVell done; or said; or what best Poets writ;
He Critick-like design'd to blast by wit.

Such Place had *Envy* in this wondrous Sight,
 Yet this proud Queen and all with her durst spight:
 The sixth and last was *Wrath's* revengeful Frame,
 Who on a Lyon surly moving came ;
 Waving around his head a flaming Sword;
 Fierce was his Soul, his Deeds, and every word.
 Whose Eyes their furious Sparkles oft expell'd,
 And sternly star'd on all that him beheld.
 Yet was his Visage pale as person dead,
 Trembling through rage when Choler in him spread.
 One hasty hand his Dagger still did hold,
 And in a Garment stain'd with Blood scarce cold,
 He Russian-like appeared to the Eye:
 Nor car'd how rashly by his force men dye.
 But after his adviseless Anger past,
 He could sometimes repent his guilty hast.
 What can express the Mischief wrath attends,
 The Bane of Manners, and the loss of Friends?
 Smoth'ring of Reason by its uncouth flame,
 And Strength impairs throughout the Body's frame.

Th' internal Enemy of human Life,
And with it self or others still at strife.
Thus he appear'd, and in the rear was seen
Of vile Attendants on this impious Queen.
To drivethese *Satan* Coachman-like did ride,
And his smart Whip to this slow Drift apply'd.
Whilst heedless *Sloth*, that foremost led their court
Stuck in the mire, tho driv'n by *Pluto's* force.
And as he fruitless whipt, or strain'd his Voice,
Vast Crowds of People shouting did rejoice.
But had they forward went, none could descry
The way for Foggs still thicking to the Eye.
Tho, for this hellish Triumph, all along
Were scatter'd Sculs and Bones of bad men gone
Thus far for solace mov'd this impious Court,
Instead of Hells *Elisium* here to sport.
Where next unto *Lucifera's* stately Chair
Sate false *Duess*a, yet appearing fair.
Whilst the good Hero did himself restrain
From being associate with this wicked Train.

The haughty Queen diverted now abroad,
Returns as fast as through this cumber'd Road
Hell's Conduct could her different Cattel guide,
Till she arriv'd unto her Court of Pride.
Where all upon a solemn Champion gaz'd,
Whose dismal Shield in Purple Letters blaz'd
The great *Sans-Joy*, who with resolved mind,
And fore-thought Malice had Revenge design'd.
When soon disdain improv'd his bitter spite,
As of the *Red-Cross* Hero he took fight.
And saw his Page bearing the vanquish'd Shield
Of his great Pagan Brother slain in field.
To whom he sudden leapt, and with bold hand
That Trophy seiz'd, as soon him to withstand
The daring *Red-Cross* Knight apply'd his force:
And thus both struggl'd, till in Martial Course
Their brandish'd Swords and Armour clash'd so loud,
As struck amazement on the observing Crowd.
When the proud Queen, upon severest Pain,
Commands that here their Fury they restrain:

Saying, if either to the Shield had right,
They should have leave in Lifts next day to fight.
Pardon, great Queen, the bold *Sans-Joy* reply'd,
If powerful Passion did me rudely guide
Beyond the steady strength of Reason's sway,
And before you whom least I'de disobey.
VVhilst I beheld the treach'rous Man appear,
Who murder'd fam'd *Sans-Foy*, my Brother dear:
Whose approv'd Prowess and successful Hand,
No Hero's force could ever yet withstand.
Tho his mean Foe my Brother's fame to spite,
Has here expos'd his Shield revers'd to fight.
And what adds nobler scorn unto my thought,
His Lady's hither by him Captive brought.
Which in the fair *Fideffa* you behold;
Can friend thus griev'd for friend revenge withhol
To this the *Red-Cross* Knight did nought reply,
Resolv'd by Arms his just defence to try.
And throwing his Gantlet as his Honours gage,
To next day's Combat both deferr'd their rage.

Till when, in Rooms and Bowers of most delight,
 They fill'd their Souls with revelling that Night.
 And after lavish Viands them had cloy'd,
 On stately Couches they with Ladies toy'd.
 Yet could not this proud Court's alluring ease
 The *Red-Cross* Hero or *Sans-Joy* appease.
 Who in the midst of all their Passions thought
 How next day's Combat might be bravest fought.
 Till drowzy *Morphæus* with his Leaden Mace
 Had Eyes enclin'd to sleep within this place :
 And both these Warriours were to Rooms retir'd,
 For costly Beds and Ornaments admir'd.
 VVhilst vile *Duessa* impiously arose,
 And to the bold *Sans-Joy's* Appartment goes.
 VVhom waking found, like one that did disdain
 His Body's rest till his Foe fought or slain,
 She strives to quicken his revengeful Mind,
 VVith subtlest Speech unto her Tears adjoyn'd :
 Saying, Behold *Fidessa* does appear,
 By thy slain Brother fam'd *Sans-Foy* held dear.

Arms him renown'd, and my Love for his sake
Would Vengeance with a Woman's fury take.
But what needs this unto *Sans-Joy* be told,
As fully great as his late Brother soul'd.
That were he living, and your Rival now,
'Twould Honour pose which to prefer of you.
His likeness in you does renew my Grief,
Whilst Love, for his sake, from you hopes Relief.
Which said, he gently yields himself to hear
The weighty Grief which her Soul seem'd to bear.
Who softly sighing, soon to him express'd
Her sad distemper in her Love distress'd.
And how Fate mingled to her bitter smart,
A sower Grief than e're pierc'd tender Heart:
Which in my loss of dear *Sans-Foy* I found,
To mourn whose Fall my Soul is ever bound.
His many perils I concluded past,
And hop'd Love's quiet should bless both at last,
Whilst angry Stars the most unhappy way,
Decreed me wretched on his fatal Day.

When

When by a worthless Victor he was slain,
That me, a harmless Virgin, did detain ;
And for denying his Love's vile intent,
Made a dark Cave my sad Imprisonment.
This usage suffer'd, he next yields to try
If Courtship could my gentle Soul comply :
Or tempt me to forget my former flames,
Which now find Comfort from your gracious beams.
Your Brother's worth and lineage shines in you,
With all Attractions Love inviteth too.
Aid then his Lover, e're his Ghost does call
Your Valour to revenge his deplor'd Fall.
Fairest, said he, let me your Grief disswade,
Which ought, for Fate that's past, to be allay'd.
Nor present danger need you apprehend,
Whilst in my Brother's stead I'll you befriend.
His vital Pains in his past life are gone,
Howe're his Ghost his body's death bemoan :
Till I enforce his hated Foe to bleed;
And yield my Vengeance just of his black deed.

O, but I fear, says she, the fickle chance
VVhich Fortune oft unkindly does advance.
Besides 'tis known he wears a charmed Shield,
Already prov'd impenitrable in Field.
Charm'd let him be with all that Magick can
Bestow for safety upon tim'rous Man:
Trust your *Sans-Joy*, it shall not him defend,
Let this your VVomanish Fears, for my sake, end.
But, fair *Fideffa*, if by Fortune's fault,
Or power of Arms you late were Captive brought,
Submit a while to his pretended claim,
Since you his beauteous Pris'ner hither came.
This till to morrow I require you do,
VVhen my Arms shall the *Red-Cross* Knight subdue
Ah me, she answer'd, most unhappy Maid,
That must see him whose Looks make me afraid.
And tho by your Command I now retire,
My kindest thoughts shall for you still conspire,

C A N T O V.

The Argument.

*The faithful Knight in Martial Field
Subdues his faithless Foe ;
Whom false Duessa help to yield,
For Cure to Hell does go.*

What heart foe're doth nourish virtuous ^{thought}
Will seldom rest till forth the Features
By glorious action, and conspicuous fame, [brought
That longest live upon Heroick Name.
Such noble Passion did imploy all night
Th' illustrious Courage of the Red-Cross Knight.
Devising how he bravest might accost
The bold *Sans-Joy*, who Prowess made his boast.
Until day open'd the bright Eastern Gate,
Whence *Phæbus*, like a Bridegroom to his Mate,
Came

Came dancing forth, and shook his dewy Hair,
Fitting his Beams to spread through Skies and Air.
Which as the watchful Hero had beheld,
He started up, and deck'd with Arms and Shield :
Like young *Apollo* shin'd when going to fight
The Monster that Heaven's pow'r and his durst flight.
And thus walk'd down unto the Common Hall,
His gracious person there admir'd by all :
Where crowds did wait these stranger-Knights to see,
And what in Combat eithers Fate might be.
Arround this spacious Room did Consorts play,
That softest might drive saddest Time away :
Besides such Bards that to the tuneful String ,
Could Lovers famous deeds divinest sing.
When in tough Mail, and handing of his Spear,
The lofty *Sarazen* does next appear :
And sternly looked on the *Red-Cross* Knight,
Who scorn'd to flinch at Man's most daring fight.
To both, by order, lusty *VVine* was brought,
With best Spice mingl'd from far *India* sought :

And

And having drank, by vig'rous *Bacchus* they
 Vow'd to observe the Law of Arms that day.
 When forth does move the far renowned Queen,
 In Pomp attended to a paled Green;
 Where under a rich Canopy she fate
 T'observe these Hero's and each Martial Feat.
 On t'other side was false *Dueffa* plac'd, (grac'd.
 Whose Splendors, next the Queen's, this presence
 Whilst on a Tree whose Branches spread the field,
 To all their fights hung *Sans-Foy's* bloody Shield.
 Which from these Lifts the Conqueror's Sword might
 And what's more priz'd, a trophy'd Lovers fame: ^{claim}
 Who with bold Right *Dueffa* should enjoy,
 Like *Helen* fought for by the Brave at *Troy*.
 To combat then a Trumpet calls on high; (tye.
 Which heard, their Shields above their Wrists they
 And looking upwards their bright Swords they wave
 For happy Omen e're the On-set's gave.
 And next so home dispos'd each mighty Blow,
 That deep Impressions on their Armour show.

Great

Great was the Pagan's Strength and Skill in Arms,
And now inflam'd by fair *Dneffa's* Charms:
His stroaks like Hammers seem'd on Steel to beat,
As he strove here his Rival to defeat.
Tho to requite him, still the youthful Knight
Gave Blows as loudly founded in this Fight.
Thus stroak for stroak did Shields and Helmets hew,
When swift as Lightning flames around them flew.
Hardy alike the Combat both prolong,
Tho one Cause rightful was, and t'other wrong.
As when a Griffon, having seiz'd his Prey,
Meets with a Dragon it would rend away;
The furious Creatures one another smite,
VVhilst Southsayers, Fate-foretel, that see the fight,
And as thus here these mighty Champions fought,
Their piercing Steel such bloody passage wrought:
That sanguine streams from their deep wounds did
And dy'd their Arms late Silver bright did (flow,
VVhich so great sorrow to beholders gave, (show.
As they wish'd neither's force should Conquest have.

And

And now the haughty *Sarazen* beheld
 The Tree on which was hung his Brother's Shield.
 VVhich seen, his rage improv'd like spreading fire ;
 Saying, O hapless Issue of brave Sire ;
 So mournful long to wait by *Stygian Lake*
 Ere Death an impious Ghost thy Foe does make.
 Know hated Knight, thy Soul to him shall bear
 The, with'd Novel of his Revenger here.
 And that by Prowess I redeem'd his Shield,
 As by my hand thou dyest o'come in field.
 Therewith his Foes tough Crest so hard he strook,
 That twice he reel'd, as if life him forsook.
 At which the forward Lookers on concede,
 That in these Lifts he bravest would succeed.
 VVhilst his bold glory higher to Renown,
Dneffa grants her self and day his own.
 Like one from Trance, the am'rous *Red-Cross* Knight,
 Hearing those words, his Soul does rouze to fight.
 Far more disdaining by this bloody strife
 To yield his Lady, than to lose his life.

And

And tho wounds had his body's strength made weak:
Love Shame and VVrath such reinforcements make,
That to his Foe so vast a blow he gave,
As on his Knee he stoop'd his life to save.
Then said, Proud Miscreant, let thy Spirit show
Thy death unto thy Brother's Ghost below:
Tell him that from these Lifts I'll bear his Shield,
VVith his won Lady once again in field.
In shades he wanders wanting thee too long:
But why do I by Speech thy life prolong?
And at these words his Arm he raised high,
Resolv'd that blow should end his Enemy.
VVhen unto wonder such a mist did rise,
As hid the vanquish'd *Sans-Joy* from his Eyes.
Prevented thus, he summons him aloud:
Next strives to find him in this horrid Cloud.
In haste then moves *Duessà* from her place,
And with kind Beams his Valour seem'd to grace:
Telling this Knight 'twas fruitless to employ
His search for him he could not now destroy:

VVhich

VWhich Fate decreed, and the Infernal Powers,
That had remov'd his Foe to *Pluto's* Bowers :

VWhilst this day's Glory I must yours avow,
And more my Love, if that you value now.

Not all this beauteous Flatterer did say,
His resolute search and fury could allay ;

VWho in that darkness whisk'd his Sword around,
In hope to kill his Enemy ere found.

Till fully at his Foe's escape amaz'd,
He Trumpets heard that him sole Victor blaz'd.

VWith which loud Glory he attends the Queen,
And falling low presents his Prowess seen

To her acceptance, which she kindly owns,
And by her glorious Praise his Deeds renowns.

Next, with him moves unto her splendid Court,
VWhilst Crowds applaud his Valour's high effort

VWith Shouts and Clappings that ascend so high,
As they forc'd *Eccho's* from the concave Skie.

Thus to her Palace brought and laid in Bed,
Unto his wounds were Remedies apply'd

By

By Balms that could most soveraign heal or stay
Blood, which from his pierc'd body sought its way.
And as his wounds were curing had his Ear
With Musick fill'd, to ease his Pains and Care.
When vile *Duessá* to dissemble Tears,
Wept as if Love's soft Passion caus'd her Fears.
Or as the flatt'ring Crocodile does spill
Drops to allure the man he means to kill :
Th' unwary Passenger endanger'd finds,
That Tears are but the Snares of cruel Minds.
And blames the foolish pity by him took
From this false Creature's cou'sning Drops and Look.
And thus *Duessá*, with dissembling Eyes,
Wept until Evening Stars began to rise.
Then forth she goes unto her heathen Knight,
By Magick shelter'd from his Foe's fierce fight.
Where in a horrid Trance the man she left,
Whom Blows and Wounds almost of life bereft.
Yet now to grieve for him she would not stay,
But to the Eastern Coast does speed her way :

Till

Till come unto the Palace of Night's Queen,
 In which no beam of Light was ever seen:
 Where in a foul and pitchy Garment clad,
 She finds her moving from her darksom Bed.
 When at her Gate her Iron Chariot stood,
 Furnish'd with coal-black Steeds of hellish Blood.
 And gnaw'd their rusty Bits, in haste to rise,
 By her Command, unto supreamest Skies.
 Who as she here *Dueffa* did behold
 In shining Tyres adorn'd with Gems and Gold:
 And deem'd that from the Lustres of her Face,
 She was ally'd to Stars of brightest Race,
 Like to some Fiend that vanisheth from sight,
 The dark Queen had declin'd *Dueffa's* sight:
 Had the Witch not befought her to allay
 Her busie Fears, and hear what she would say,
 Appeased thus, she bids her to relate
 The cause that mov'd her on Night's Queen to wait.
 When soon the Hagg her mightiness cajol'd,
 Calling her Great before the World was soul'd:

Or heavenly Body influenc'd shining Ray,
That o're long Chaos ceas'd her Scepters sway.
And can she suffer Liv's should be betray'd,
Whose deeds have her dark Conduct most obey'd
Whilst now her lov'd *Sans-Foy* in shade does lie,
And by his Brother's Murd'rer like to die.
Too late, alas! my griev'd Eyes beheld
The cruel Knight that kill'd *Sans-Foy* in field :
Leaving his comely Body to be tore
By rav'nous Fowl, and Beasts for hunger roar.
Who, after this, will not thy Scepter scorn,
If thy brave Allies thou shalt yield forlorn :
And not assist the Reliques of thy Race,
Till with bright day be intermix'd thy place :
And no more Children of the light pretend,
That their sereneft deeds can them defend ?
These words had this dark Parent somewhat mov'd
Tho, of all Passions, she least Pity lov'd.
And said, Dear Daughter, duely I lament,
When 'gainst my Kindred cruel Fate is bent.

But what can Power of Destiny defeat,
 So firmly link'd to *Jove's* Eternal Seat?
 The Sons of Day he favoureth I find,
 And to my loss their Greatness has design'd.
 Yet shall not all my dark Revenge escape,
 Nor that bold Knight whose bloody force and rape
 Took from *Sans-Foy* his Glory with his Life,
 And for his Brother's Fall next bent his strife.
 But what art thou these deeds dost now relate,
 And crav'st avengement of my Kindred's Fate?
 Dark Queen, saies she, *Duessa* is my Name,
 The well known Daughter of Deceit and Shame:
 How gorgeous e're I now appear array'd.
 Which heard, Night's Sovereign her embracing said,
 In thy feign'd looks, *Duessa*, I behold
 Crimes of more lustre than the purest Gold.
 Which beauteous Cunning in thy glorious Face,
 Amaz'd me when first seen in this dark place;
 Where ancient Mother of Deceit I sit,
 And welcome thee best Child of wicked Wit.

Thento her Iron Chariot does ascend,
And next her placeth this well-favour'd Fiend.
Four Steeds her person of vast bigness drew,
Of Colour dark, yet of a different hew:
Which through Air's regions smoothly sped her way
But when she pull'd a Rein their haste to stay;
Their hardy Mouths their Bridles strove to rend,
Whilst their rough Jaws foam like to Tarr expend
And now, uncurb'd their speed, she forward drives
And soon unto the wondrous Place arrives;
Where fam'd *Sans-Joy*, tho hid by Magick Art,
Lay void of motion from each vital part.
His native Blood by cruel wounds congeal'd:
Which seen, they ponder'd how he might be heal'd
And next in this dark Chariot softly lay
His feeble person till they drove away.
Soon as Night's Sovereign stood upon the earth,
The Surface groan'd as at an Earthquake's Birth.
And furious Dogs and Wolves did loudest howl,
As screeching flew the ominous boding Owl.

No less disturb'd at her dark grizly look,
 Than at th' unwonted drift she hither took.
 Next back she turns with soft and silent pace,
 Till brought his heavy Corps unto the place ;
 Where black *Avernus* mouth does widest gape,
 Since *Pluto* seiz'd fair *Proserpine* by Rape.
 Descending here by sulphurous ways they come
 T' abodes, in which Ghosts hear and feel Hell's doom.
 Whence none, till broke their Chains, to earth arise,
 Or with their ghastly shapes fright human Eyes.
 In every station they heard Fiends lament,
 As hot or cold Extrems did them torment:
 Who from continual Pains, and worst Despair,
 Curs'd Heaven because in Hell they hopeless were.
 Pass'd these, they mov'd to more infernal Strands,
 To guard which *Cerberus* triple-headed stands,
 His Body round with ven'mous Adders hung,
 And snarling lill'd his flaming bloody Tongue ;
 As near to him this wondrous Chariot came,
 Not judging it contain'd Night's mighty Dame :

Which when discern'd, his fury he abates,
And like a fawning Curr upon her waits.
Since well he knew her Scepter's vast Commands
Was own'd by darkeſt powers on *Stygian* Strands,
Then on ſhe drives, where, turn'd upon a Wheel,
Ixion for ever giddineſs ſhall feel.
And *Syſſphus*, that muſt be rowling ſtill
A ſtone above his ſtrength againſt a Hill.
Not far from theſe does thirſty *Tantalus* ſtand
In water deep, but can no drop command.
Near whom lay *Tityrus*, on whoſe wretched Maw,
Th' inſatiate *Vultur* will for ever gnaw.
Typhæus too, whoſe Lambs with utmoſt Pain
Stretch'd by Hell's wrack perpetual ſo remain.
Next theſe the fifty reſtleſs Siſters were,
That water ſtrove in leaky Pales to bear.
And *Theſeus*, who for wand'ring Crimes muſt be
A mournful Sitter to Eternity.
This diſt beheld, and bright *Dueſſa's* Face,
They Works and Poſtures ceaſ'd to gaze a ſpace :

As if they hop'd from seeing mortal Eyes,
 A sooner Period of their Miseries.
 Arriv'd at last to Hell's remotest part,
 They found a Cave form'd by infernal Art;
 Deep, dark, and grievous, where in Fetters lay
 Fam'd *Æsculapius* from his dying-day:
 Because by wondrous Cure he did restore
 The brave *Hipolitus* when dead before.
 This famous Youth who in bold Sports had prov'd
 His Prime and Glory, was too fatal lov'd.
 Whose Beauty so had conquer'd Woman's Soul,
 That his false Step-dame could not hers controul.
 But when she found her offer'd Lip refus'd,
 She soon his jealous Parent next abus'd.
 Letting him know, with tears and words well feign'd,
 That this Youth would his Father's bed have stain'd.
 Who full of Rage, his Sea-God Sire besought,
 That vengeance might upon his Son be brought.
 When from the Ocean two vast Monsters rose,
 And in his Hunting-Chariot him oppose.

Which gave his chafing Steeds such strange affright
 As they destroy'd their Master by their flight.
 His comely body into pieces tore,
 And left upon a Rock near *Paphos* shore.
 Whose wicked Step-dame having heard his Fate,
 Repents, and kills her wicked self too late.
 Which understood, the hasty Sire with Tears
 Began to rend his Lips and aged Hairs.
 Till chaſt *Diana*, pitying his ſad Grief,
 Brought him to *Æſculapius* for Relief;
 Whoſe admir'd Art did the torn Youth reſtore
 To life compleatly as he liv'd before.
 When *Jove* conſidering this ſtupendious Fact,
 He held it, too like God, for Man to act:
 And in his fury next the Man does throw
 Wounded to Hell by his fierce Thunder-blow:
 Where long he ſtrove from pow'rful Salves to eaſe
 His burning Pains, and angry Heaven appeaſe.
 Arriy'd to him, the dark Queen does alight,
 And as his Patient ſhews the wounded Knight;

Taking

Taking off softly his most weighty Arms,
 Declaring next with grief his dismal harms.
 Great Dame, saies he, thou temptest me in vain,
 That for restoring life feel endless pain.
Hipolitus Cure produc'd my fatal Fame,
 Nor must I do for Hero now the same:
 Unless Heaven's Vengeance I'de provoke once more,
 Or in this sad Abyss worse griefs deplore.
 VVhich heard, she frowning call'd it needless Fear,
 Since *Jove* could not his Suffrings further here.
 From hope of Heaven he hath excluded thee,
 VVhat can be more thy infelicity?
 Grant then to me, the Mistres of Night's hours,
 Th' assistance of thy Medicinal Powers.
 And to Arts Patron great *Apollo* show,
 That thy skill, by thy Ghost, can cure below.
 Her words prevail'd, and next he lifts from ground
 The dead *Sans-Joy*, and to each mortal Wound
 His life-restoring Medicines applies:
 Which done, the Queen away her Chariot drives

To

To finish her night's Course, before the Sun
His Steeds, by Western waves refresh'd, shall run.
And vile *Dneffa*, who from Magick Spell,
Could find her way thro Avenu's of Hell :
In haste arriveth to *Pride's Court* again,
Hoping her deceiv'd Knight did there remain.
But e're she came, this Hero cause had found
To move his person, tho not heal'd his wound.
Which howe're painful, soon he mounts his Steed,
Prepar'd in Soul for what could worst succeed.
His wary Dwarf first having to him told,
How in a Dungeon deep he did behold
Numbers of Men that there intrall'd lay,
And did lament their Fates both night and day.
The Cause, he said, was their aspiring Will,
And thirst to exceed all in doing Ill.
Which competition, much this Queen disdain'd,
Judging it touch'd the Empire she maintain'd:
And next condemn'd by her usurping Pride,
Wretched they liv'd, and dead so here abide.

The

The highest Potentates the world e're knew,
For boundless Treasure and Dominion too:
With such 'gainst Heaven were at profanest odds,
By setting up themselves instead of Gods;
Were all within this loathed Prison seen:
And such of t'other Sex, who like this Queen,
Tyrannick power too haughtily had rais'd,
And for their lustful Wills would next be prais'd.
But most of these, which in this Dungeon lay,
Were such as fell from Courts the vaineſt way:
Having first spent their Treasure and their Time,
By delicate pampring each luxurious Crime.
Whose Carcasses in heaps apart were thrown:
Which when the Dwarf had to his Master shown,
They by a secret Postern-door took flight,
And both had dy'd if any watchful sight
About this Palace had beheld their way;
Tho' for much hind'rance all around them lay
The num'rous Corps and Bones of murder'd dead,
O're which the Hero's Horse with fear did tread:

Till

Till hasting of his steps with Spurs and Rein,
From this curs'd house of *Pride* they speed amain.

C A N T O VI.

The Argument.

*By wondrous means from lustful power
Fair Una is reliev'd,
Whom savage Nations next adore,
And learn Faith she believ'd.*

AS when some well built Ship is under sail,
And wings the Ocean with a wish'd-for Gale :
Till unawares she touches on a Rock,
Her Pilot wondring how she scap'd the shock.
And tho rejoyc'd is troubl'd to concede,
That Fortune more than Conduct was his aid.
So does the dreadless *Red-Cross* Knight appear
Glad, yet regretting his misguided Care.
And sorry was his haste prov'd so unkind,
In having fair *Dueffa* left behind.

But

But more concern'd as he revolv'd the thought
 Of beauteous *Una* charg'd with foulest fault.
 Tho Crime in her no man could ever prove,
 Howe're defam'd her more than spotless Love.
 Guided by which she farthest travel takes,
 Till fierce *Sans Loy* her unawares o'retakes:
 Who after *Archimago's* flight defeat,
 Had led her far to quench his lustful heat.
 Where first he tries by Treaty to obtain
 The stubborn Fort, he hardly could constrain.
 Well knowing that Courtship, like an Act of Grace,
 Admission gains where force cou'd ne're have place.
 And thus by amorous words, looks, sighs, a while
 He sought her refin'd temper to beguile.
 Tho these she deems as *Cupid's* specious Baits,
 By which the Lover oft his Mistress cheats.
 And like a Rock of Diamond, firm and clear,
 Resolves her shining Vertue shall appear.
 Whilst he his lustful Eye on her to place,
 Removes the Veil that hid her modest Face:

Whose

Whose Splendors seen, his Lust took swifter fire,
And joyns to sudden rage his foul Desire.
Hoping by horrid violence to be
Despoiler of her richest Chastity.
Could Heavens discernment this vile deed perceive,
And her Celestial Vertue not relieve?
Tho stor'd above with Thunder-bolts that kill
Things that ne're act, nor meditate on Ill.
The piteous Maid, with more than Woman's power,
Still strives to keep unstain'd her Virgin Flower:
And when by struggling she finds strength abate,
Like Damsel in her comfortless Estate,
Her piercing shrieks the Eccho's round awake,
That like chaste Nymphs the sad Alarum take.
Whilst Stars did yield to drop from Skies their tears,
As *Phæbus* bids Clouds weep, and disappears:
Asham'd his brightness shou'd beam-forth that hour,
And not protect her Splendors by his power.
But Providence, an unexpected way,
Redeems from his strong gripes the lovely Prey:

As her most grievous Out-cries spread their sound
Where Fawns and Satyrs danc'd with Joy around
Their old *Silvanus* sleeping in a shade :
And heard the grievous Cries for help she made.
At which disturb'd, their rural Mirth they cease,
And in a monstrous Rabble find the place.
Whom when the impious *Sarazen* beheld,
He frighted by their horrid shapes withheld
His Lusts design, and mounting of his Steed,
Flies, and still fears lest they o'rtake his speed.
These wild Wood-gods, when seen her beauteous
And Vesture ruff'd by his savage flame : frame,
Her weeping Eyes, and her dishevell'd Hair,
Trembling like finest Gossamor's in Air :
Stand all astonish'd at this uncouth sight,
And with their rude Eyes pity her sad plight.
The peerless Virgin more than they amaz'd,
Had on their strange appearing figures gaz'd.
And every tender part about her shook,
Like to a Lamb far from the Flock is took

By

By some fierce Wolf, which when a Leopard spies,
Soon t'other leaves his prey to him and flies.
Th' innocent Creature trembling by each Limb,
Beholds a shape succeed that looks more grim.
Such various Apprehensions seiz'd her mind,
As she no power to speak or move cou'd find.
This monstrous Nation viewing her doleful Face,
To their wild sense joyn pity of her case.
And tho their rugged Brows and Horns did fright
All other Mortals that of them had sight:
Their rigid frowns, for her sake, they dispell,
And by kind grinning their meant gladness tell.
And to assure that they wou'd her obey,
Their rough Knees bend and her soft duty pay.
The doubtful Lady dares not yet commit
Her person to their barbarous Truth or Wit:
Nor does forget her too late hasty Trust,
Or what she'd heard of Satyrs and their Lust.
Whilst they more Signs to her of sorrow show:
And to her, as some rural Goddess, bow.

Next

Next prostrate lie, and humbly kiss her Feet;
 To shew they'd her with gentlest Service greet.
 Their speechless meaning she begins to guess,
 And thinks 'em kind from Tokens they express.
 When from the ground she fearless does arise,
 And with calm looks beholds their wildest Eyes.
 They glad as Birds that do perceive the Spring,
 About her dance, and their best measures sing.
 Then shouting strow green Branches on the ground,
 And own her Queen with Olive Garlands crown'd.
 Thus they in joyful Triumph forward move,
 Enforcing Eccho's from each Stream and Grove.
 And with their horned Feet the earth do wear,
 Leaping like wanton Kids when Summer's near.
 So they her towards their old *Sylvanus* bring,
 Who wak'd with noise and tunes they shrilly sing:
 To know the cause in haste he does arise,
 And round his VVaste his Ivy Girdle ties.
 A Cyprus staff his aged Limbs supports,
 And walks in fear lest some licentious Sports,

Or Juice of Vines his Sylvan Nation fir'd,
And them, without his leave, to Mirth inspir'd.
Being near approach'd they her to him present,
For Truth and Beauty more than excellent.
Their ancient God admiring stood a space,
As he beheld the wonders of her Face.
His *Cyparissus*, and most lovely Boy,
Whom oft he'd pleas'd with Tales more old than ^(Troy)
And for his long lost life had Ages pin'd :
Her blooming looks him of that youth remind.
The rural Nymphs, invited by the noise,
In leafy Mantles came to mingle Joys.
But having well beheld her comely Face,
Like Rivals fear'd lest hers wou'd theirs disgrace
And flying from her sight with nimblest speed,
No footsteps left on Grass or yielding Reed.
Whilst Herds of Satyrs of the ruffest kind,
Hop'd that, instead of them, she'd stay behind.
And so devoted did around her stand,
As they watch'd Precepts from her Eye or Hand.

Confirmed thus, this most distressed Maid
To please their rustick Eyes long time here staid.
Judging it gave her Sorrows some redress,
To live where human kind had least access.
And to requite their kindness to her shown,
She full declares best Truth to them unknown.
Teaching how vain their Worship to her seem'd,
That had her person for their Idol deem'd:
But when she would this Zeal of theirs restrain,
Her As instead of her they'd worship fain.
Whilst she their brutish Ignorance does oppose,
And to immortal things their Minds dispose.
In which conjuncture to this Forrest came
A war-like Knight, of far reputed Fame:
Who here by bold Adventure hop'd to see
The strange Alliance of his Pedigree.
Plain, just, and brave was he, howe're begot;
And without Lust, sometimes the Hero's Spot.
In no vain-glorious Lists did he delight,
Yet fiercest wou'd for injur'd Woman fight.

'Twas said his Sire prodigious was by Blood,
And him begot on Lady in this Wood.
Who for some Enterprize unknown to Fame,
A lovely Wand'rer to these Wood-lands came.
Where, on a Swain, instead of Guide she lights,
And by constraint to him her Beauty plights.
He rudely bred, and fill'd with her embrace,
Delights her softness less than hardy chace
Of Boar, or Wolf, and thus both night and day,
Too long presum'd from her smooth Lips to stay.
The forlorn Lady burning with desire
To find her Swain, and quench Love's earnest Fire;
Through vastest Coverts like a Wood-Nymph flies;
And where the tread of Dog or Beast she spies,
With utmost speed she that way next does run,
Hoping to find him ere his Chase was done.
When a brisk Satyr chanc'd his Horn to wind,
Who in that Art excell'd above his kind.
The amorous Lady hearken'd to the sound,
And hop'd by it her lov'd Swain to have found.

Panting with haste she towards the Goblin flies,
Scarce hiding by her loose Attire her Thighs,
The inflam'd Satyr glad of her mistake,
Within his lustful Clutches her does take;
And captive in a secret Cabin held,
Till Time, a Boy whom he begot compell'd
To quit her Womb: then lets the Mother know,
That leaving him the Child, she home might go.
This Ransom left, she quits his wild abode,
And in Groves wanders far from beaten Road.
The Boy he careful kept, and as he grew,
Taught him his Nation's Manners well to know.
But most instructed him to banish fear,
Whether the Lyon he assail'd or Bear.
Wild roaring Bulls he learnt him how to tame,
Or kill them baited as his furious Game.
And that his heels the nimblest haste might make,
He shew'd him how swift Roes to overtake:
Or fiercest Beast from him would yield to flie,
Whether his Face by day or night they spie.

So terrible to Creatures he appear'd,
As his fierce Sire, at last, his Visage fear'd.
And trembling with'd he'd ne're him shown his Art,
Or in his fierce begetting had a part.
Advising him not to slight Beasts of prey,
Nor rashly to engage them to obey.
VVhilst Panthers, Libbards he wou'd often yoke,
And drive them in a Team like Colts new broke.
And had their stubborn Hearts so fearless quell'd,
That they him as their Nature's Tyrant held.
His lovely Mother found him on a day,
As he from Dens of Beasts return'd that way:
VVhen after him a Lyoness did roar
For her curst Whelps which in his Arms he bore.
The fearful Dame amazed at this sight,
From him had fled, had not Love staid her flight.
Yet did from highest horror doubt a while,
VVhether 'twas safe for her to blame his Toil.
At last she these indulgent words did say,
Ah Satyran! if thou lov'st me find Play

Far gentler for thy youthful years than this,
 And mildly look, if thou'dst thy Mother kiss.
 More she had said, but found no words cou'd bend
 His hardy mind, inured to contend
 VVith fiercest Creatures VVoods or Desarts range,
 Till manly years and Glory wrought his change.
 VVhen 'twas his manner still, as Fortune's smiles,
 VVon by Atchievements, had indulg'd his Toils :
 Unto this Forrest calmly to retire,
 And there pay duty to his wondrous Sire.
 And now on like intent was thither come,
 Pleas'd to behold his native VVood-land home.
 Remembring there each Den and covert Place,
 VVhence his wild Courage forc'd the fiercest Chace.
 But when accomplished his Manhood year,
 He soon resolv'd that him bad men shou'd fear.
 Passing thus on, he saw a Plain's wide Green,
 In which by him around were Satyrs seen :
 Amidst whose numbers beauteous *Una* stood,
 Divinely teaching everlasting Good.

Much he admir'd her Features, VVit, and Meen,
Like which in VVoman he had never seen.
Nor wonders less by what Fate she arriv'd
To Woods, where cruel Beasts and Satyrs liv'd.
And more than wonderful, had there reclaim'd
Creatures by Lust most sensually inflam'd.
And next, to her his Courtship does apply,
VVowing, to serve her worth, he'd gladly die.
VVhilst she full constant to her *Red-Cross* Knight,
Pity'd his Troubles, and desir'd his sight.
And tho he absent, still her faithful Mind
Unto her Soul his perfect Figure joyn'd.
But when she did in *Satyrans* perceive
A firm desire her Sorrows to relieve;
She told him secretly her Love's intent,
And how to leave these wild Abodes she meant.
Much he rojoyc'd to hear what she express'd,
And for her Conduct his bold self address'd.
A time it was when Satyrs did resort
To old *Silvans* at his shady Court:

Having

Haying in haste the Virgin left alone,
 And miss'd her not till she too far was gone.
 By this plain Champion's stubborn Courage led
 Through Regions that most lustful Satyrs bred.
 And where his hardy mind and strength had tam'd
 Monsters of Men and Beasts when worst inflam'd.
 With which bold Guide, most of the lingring day
 She journey'd had, till meeting in the way
 A Traveller that weary did appear,
 And seeing them in haste approach him near:
 Turn'd as if he their presence did avoid,
 Like one that wou'd unknown have kept his Road.
 Mean were his Clothes, with dust his Visage soil'd,
 And lookt with Heat and Travel over-toil'd.
 Upon his Back a homely Scrip he bore,
 And on his Feet the meanest Sandals wore.
 A *Jacob's* Staff his Hand and Steps did aid,
 And was in all things, Vagrant-like, array'd.
 Of him bold *Satyrus* desir'd to know,
 How News of Martial Deeds abroad did go.

To

To which he answer'd, That he knew of none,
And seem'd desirous to be moving on.

But beauteous *Una*, who cou'd ne're remove
From her soft mind the Fears produc'd by Love.
Inquir'd what of her *Red-Cross* Knight he heard ;
Or if good Tidings him alive declar'd ?

Ah me, saies he, that you should seek to know
Things, that when known will soon encrease your
Whilst I lament that ere my Eyes beheld [woe.

Your best lov'd Knight to bloody death compell'd.
Which words pronounc'd, like Riv'lets clos'd by frost,
Her tears, within her Eyes their springs, seem'd lost.
And sudden horror every Sense so chill'd,

As down she fell, like one whom Grief had kill'd.

Her Champion gently takes her up from ground,
And bowing her Body some life in her found :

Which seen, he utters for her fair relief,

VVords of best hope to palliate her Grief.

Whilst as her strength was by degrees restor'd,
She still her Lover's loss afresh deplor'd.

Yet

Yet finding that she liv'd, she bids the man
Perfect the Story which he had began.
Being full prepar'd by him to hear the worst,
Nor cou'd his last sad words exceed his first.
Then thus continu'd he, This day I staid
Where two Knights were in Combat fierce engag'd:
Both breathing Vengeance, both of mighty force,
Whilst trembling I beheld their furious course. [more,
Whose Swords, tho Blood imbru'd, still fought for
Until their Arms and Shields were dy'd with gore.
Yet on they push'd, when the strong Pagan struck
A blow, that from your Knight his bold life took.
Alas! said she, and did my Hero die,
Tho best of Men, by Pagan Cruelty?
And I not kiss his dead, or dying Face,
Or give his Corps my saddest last Embrace.
This heard, with high concern fierce *Satyran*
Ask'd hastily of that feign'd Pilgrim Man,
If known to him what way he pass'd or dwelt,
That caus'd the Grief which tender *Una* felt.

Not

Not far from hence, the Wanderer reply'd,
I left him sitting by a smooth Stream's side [Knight
Washing his Wounds, which from the *Red-Cross*
He deeply suffer'd when engag'd in fight.
These Tidings utter'd, her brave Champion wafts
No time in words, but t'wards the Pagan hafts:
Leaving sad *Una*, by what speed she could
To follow him, who longed to behold
That heathen Man, and kill him ere she came;
As his bold Present unto her and Fame.
And soon he found as to him had been said,
Where the stern Warriour was repos'd in shade:
Which near a pleasant Riv'let comely grew,
And next him lay his Spear and Armour too.
Well he discern'd the man was great *Sans-Loy*,
Whom he resolv'd with Fury to destroy.
Having from *Una* heard his impious Name,
And how, by Rape, he wou'd have forc'd her shame,
Then sternly looking, bids him rise and see
The arm'd Revenger of his Cruelty.

VWho did the flower of Chivalry destroy
 Pthe *Red-Cross* Knight, fair *Una*'s only Joy.
 And I, to war-like Deeds, tho roughly bred,
 My Soul is by clear Honour's Conduct led,
 Thy Name from Knighthood's Glory to remove;
 And kill thee for thy impious Arms and Love.
 This spoke, the *Sarazen* upstarts from ground,
 And soon his three-square Shield and Helmet found:
 VWhich done, he in a daring posture saies,
 What e're thou art, vain thing, that now assaies
Sans-Loy to combat, whose approved Spear
 Can give thy Soul through wounds a vent to air.
 Believe from me, whate're Report does tell,
 That by my force the *Red-Cross* Knight ne're fell.
 And might be feign'd on purpose by some Foe,
 T' expose thy life e're thou the Truth dost know.
 True'tis, that lately I did meet in field
 A Magick Man, who seem'd to wear his Shield:
 And him, tho charm'd, my blow to earth soon fell'd,
 Which had thy Patron Knight, if found, so quell'd.

Too

Too late 'tis now thy Error to recall,
Since, for his sake, thy hated life shall fall.
Soon did these words their furious blows provoke,
Which pierc'd both Shield and Mail at every stroke.
And in their fleshy parts such Furrows made,
As Fame, more hardy Prowess, ne're display'd.
Blood still they forc'd, yet still revenge pursu'd,
Whilst by fresh wounds fresh Courage they renew'd.
And when their harass'd Strength they wou'd supply,
They breath'd a space, more strong to fight or dy.
As when two Boars with rav'nous malice meet,
And feel the wounds which their goar'd bodies fret:
Their foaming vigours they a while restrain,
Till Breath and Fury they recruit again.
And thus these Warriours, fiercer than before,
Vvere adding wounds, till all their bodies o're
A sanguine dye had them deformed so,
As scarce could any Eye their Persons know.
And now bright *Una* from the noise had found
The place from whence their bloody shields did sound.

Perplex'd to hear how loudly they contend :
 And next her deepest Grievs does apprehend,
 Lest valiant *Satyras* for her sake should die
 Slain by *Sans-Loy*, her shameless Enemy.
 VVhich doubt so wrought upon her grateful mind,
 As she resolv'd her Champion here to find :
 And as his beauteous VVitnes add Renown
 To what his worthy Arms for her had done.
 The stubborn *Sarazen*, with strange surprize,
 Relax'd his fight as he beheld her Eyes:
 His boistrous Lust from her beams fir'd again
 T'attempt, what late his force cou'd not obtain.
 Presuming that his wounded Foe might yield,
 His Strength too weak to save her now in field.
 Then forceth her into his rugged Arms,
 And fills his lustful Eýes with her soft Charms:
 Whilst *Satyras* pursues him with a Stroak,
 That made the Pagan soon behind him look.
 VVhom he bids now more manly bus'ness ply,
 Or yield, for his vile Deeds, 'tis just to die.

Yet

Yet for his latest Torment grants him leave
To eye her well, ere his Sword him shall cleave.
Which heard, the stubborn *Sarazen* paw'd a space,
And thus with him expostulates his case:
Saying, Thou Son of *Mars*, what makes thee strive
'Gainst my hot blood this Beauty to reprieve?
How much 'twere better, for thy safer life,
To yield her mine, and cease this bloody strife.
Least, when subdu'd, thou shouldst repent too late
That any blushing Girl provok'd thy Fate.
Howe're to forward surer my design;
This blow, for earnest take, that she is mine.
And now like intermitting Lightnings flash
Their hardy Spears, as 'gainst their Shields they clasp.
Whilst fiercer than before they fight renew;
Which seen, the Royal Virgin from 'em flew:
And tim'rously through Desarts takes her way:
When the false Pilgrim that provok'd this Fray,
Being the Magician *Archimago* old,
Had near them hid, and subt'ly did behold

The

The Passage which the des'late Lady took :
Whom he resolves for vilest ends to look.
But what the Progress was she after makes,
Or how, an end, this bloody Combat takes:
Requires a larger compass to rehearse,
Then here our Muse thinks fit to give her Verse.

C A N T O VII.

The Argument.

*The Red-Cross Knight by Giant stern
Is fatally subdu'd :
Which Arthur does from Una learn,
And to aid him is mov'd.*

W^Hat human Prudence always can evade
Th'attempts that by the faithless heart are
Or wont less specious Woman's truth explore, ^[made:]
When witness'd by the Lips he does adore.
Propense to judge from Beauty's outward Grace,
That Nature did the mind as comely place.

I

VVhich

VWhich Supposition caus'd the impious Snare
 That false *Dneffa* laid in seeming fair.
 As her vile Person represents the Name
 Of chaste *Fideffa* and her beauteous flame.
 And now return'd from Hell's infernal fight,
 Where she for Cure had left her wounded Knight
 Imploring there great *Æsculapius* Ghost
 T' repair the life her Champion had near lost,
 Seeks for the *Red-Cross* Hero at *Pride's* Court,
 Whither by her deceits he did resort :
 Whom there not finding for her hop'd design,
 To seek him howe're mov'd her thoughts combine.
 Nor was it long before the weary Knight,
 She found repos'd in a mournful plight
 Under a blooming Shade, to which adjoyn'd
 A Stream, that seem'd to sob for his griev'd mind.
 And fearing no surprize, had disarray'd
 Himself of Arms, which by him there he lay'd.
 Permitting of his Steed, for want of Fare,
 To branch on Boughs, and cool his heat with Air.

No sooner did the Birds, within this Grove,
Sing chearful Notes his Sorrows to remove:
But the Enchantress vile *Dueffa* came,
And with reproach assaults his slack'ned flame:
Telling that he ingratefully her left
In dangerous Mansions of his aid bereft.
Yet could her crafty Language mingle so,
As her sharp words did with some sweeter go.
Unkindness past, they of new solace treat,
Whilst in this shade they shelter'd lie from heat.
Where with green Boughs they deck'd a gloomy
That like a Garland did this Fountain grace. [place,
Nor ever could the Summers fervent flame
Lessen the bubbling Springs which thither came.
Altho the Cristal Nymph, therein did dwell,
Was by *Diana* much dislik'd, some tell.
The Cause, as 'tis allow'd from Fame's report,
Was from this Goddess displeas'd at her Sport.
When with her quiver'd Nymphs she chas'd a Roe:
And saw this one of all first faintness show.

For which the angry Deity decreed,
That, like her Temper, the faint streams should breed.
And should for ever such an Influence take,
As their chill Liquor shou'd men feeble make.
Of this the *Red-Cross* Knight could little think,
And thirsty lying of these Springs did drink.
VWhich tho they purest seem'd unto the Eye,
Diffus'd in him their weakning Malady.
Whose mighty strength soon felt a feeble change,
As through his Veins his heavy Blood did range.
Whilst from his chearful Cheeks the Red impairs,
Like one the coldest shaking Ague bears.
Yet still he made Addresses to this Dame,
Hoping her soft embrace would raise his flame.
As both supinely on the Surface lay,
And did their gentlest Beams of Love display.
At once neglectful of his Health and Fame,
Till from the Wood a blustering Terror came.
That Trees and Earth affrighted seem'd to shake,
When up he starts and does his VVeapon take.

But ere his Armour he could fitly place,
 A Giant more than monstrous him does face.
 No Eye shall one so huge ere view agen,
 And three times higher was than tallest Men.
 'Tis told this mighty Issue did proceed
 From Earth's wide Womb, begotten by the Seed
 Of stormy *Æolus* who within a Cave
 Of wondrous depth to her Conception gave:
 From whence this slimy Mass in future time
 Grew, as Sin's Figure, vast in bulk and crime.
 And 'gainst best Knighthood furiously was bent,
 Proud of his matchless strength and high descent.
 A snaggy Oak he on his Shoulder bore,
 Which from his Mother's Entrails he had tore.
 And had with that fam'd Giants lately kill'd,
 And now for like Adventure took the Field.
 Stalking along he sternly gaz'd around,
 And with his surly Eye the Hero found.
 When steps he takes were more than Acre wide,
 Till unto him with furious hast arriv'd.

The Knight not arm'd, and from the baneful draught
He at this Fountain took to weakness brought.
Attempts in vain his single Sword to wield,
And stands like one that impotent must yield.
When blows at him the rageful Monster made,
That level might a Tower of Stone have laid.
Yet fell'd him not with all his mighty power,
So strangely Heaven supported him that hour.
Some Strength he'd left, and but enough to try
If in his Fate was such Dexterity
That could avoid the Giants mighty stroak,
Which duely watch'd, a leap aside he took:
VVhen missing him the monstrous blow did fall
Upon the Turf, and it to pieces maull.
Yet so exceeding was the force he thunn'd,
That the Air, mov'd by it, his Senfes stunn'd,
As when some Man unhappily does hear
The Canon's Thunder with astonish'd ear,
And falls to earth as does the Tree that's cast
By the impetuous VVind's unlook'd-for blast.

So prostrate had this Giant's strength compell'd
 The valiant Knight, whom as he thus beheld,
 To crush him unto Powder at next blow,
 His heavy Arm he lifting high does show.
 Until *Dneffa* with a loud voice cries,
 Refrain *Orgoglio*, greatest under Skies:
 If thou't for VWoman's sake this mortal save,
 And let him still remain thy conquer'd Slave.
 For which Obligements I'll thy Mistress live,
 And in thy Bed my soft Embraces give.
 No sooner her allurements he had heard,
 And view'd her beauteous looks, but he appear'd
 Softned in Soul, and to assure her Charms,
 Gently receiv'd her coming to his Arms.
 And pronely bowing of his mighty height,
 Kisses her once, and talks of more at Night.
 Then up the slumb'ring Hero he does take,
 And seeing his sounding Sense did not awake,
 This Monster on his Shoulder him does bear:
 And hands the Lady on with kindest Care.

Swell'd like some lustful Victor by whose Toil
The Foe's subdu'd, and Beauty made his Spoil.
And thus unto his lofty Castle come,
Plac'd the sad Knight in his worst Dungeon Room.
Soon did *Dueffa's* charming Beams allure
His haughty Soul t'elate her Glory more :
Giving her Gold and Purple Robes to wear,
And sees her in a Tripple-Crown appear.
And next with affluence of all things great,
He makes her Partner of his Love and State;
Nor ceases to advance her yet more high,
When for her wondrous terror to man's Eye,
A Beast he sets her on that had been bred
In a dark Den, and there most foully fed.
Such Fame assures was that prodigious Snake,
VVhich great *Alcides* kill'd by *Lerna's* Lake:
Tho that vast Serpent still could Heads renew,
That cost him endless Perils to subdue,
But this huge Monster uglier far does show,
As seven vast Fronts doe from his Body grow.

Steel was his Breast, his Wings of scaly Brass;
 And what then all yet more stupendious was,
 His Eyes in Blood imbru'd, no less did shine
 Than Chrystal that by Art men best refine.
 His Tail to Heaven's high Concave reach'd in length,
 And with extorted power, and borrow'd strength,
 The shining Lamps from thence it proudly fought
 Down to compel, as things supremely nought.
 Whilst on this Beast, rais'd to a seven-fold dread,
 Sate false *Duessä* with her scept' red Head.
 The piteous Dwarf that watch'd his Master's Steed,
 As on the boughs or grass h'was pleas'd to feed.
 And saw his Knight a wretched Captive made,
 Not guessing how the Springs his strength allay'd:
 Took up the Vest he left and splendent Shield,
 Which Fate not then allow'd him force to wield:
 Nor yet his poynant Spear so oft had pierc'd
 The Arms of Foes, and heavily distress'd
 Bears these sad Monuments in haste away:
 But not long travels ere upon the way

He

He woful *Una* met, as passing on
To find her dear lov'd Knight, and what he'ad done.
Fast had she flew the Pagan's lustful fight,
Whilst *Satyran* 'gainst his fierce flames did fight,
And as her Eyes now on the Dwarf she cast,
Signs she beheld that hast'ned Grief too fast.
And falling down with harshest Sorrow struck,
Her Breath her faithful Bosom next forsook,
Nor in her vital parts did motion live,
But what her dying Heart by Throbs could give.
This trusty Messenger soon wish'd to die,
As he perceiv'd her saddest Misery.
Yet outwardly some little Comfort shews,
And to recall her Life his Strength does use.
Rubbing her Temples, and her lovely Brow,
With every part from whence Life seem'd to flow.
That by his diligence her Soul he won
To live in her who'ad beautify'd it long.
And as her doleful Spirit was restor'd,
Appear'd like one that most to live deplor'd.

And

And moving upwards her lamenting Eyes, [Skies
Repin'd that Heaven's bright Lamps throughout the
Were not close Mourners, or Earth leave again
Dark as in Chaos first it did remain.

Since Fate has now by its irreglar part,
Abruptly him disseised from my Heart.

Leaving me life more wish'd for Death to crave,
Till I like him obscurely have my Grave.

What time so fit as this my Breath to cease,

VVhen in my Soul Love finds no happy place.

VVhich words pronounc'd, she fell into a Swoond:

Whilst soon the careful Dwarf lifts her from ground.

Thrice he reviv'd her by his busie pain,

And saw her Eyes their VVindows ope again.

So nimble he apply'd his Strength and Skill,

As Death's cold leasure wanted time to kill.

And next with trembling veins and faultring tongue,

To speak with lowest Voice she had begun.

And finding now against her own desire,

That Stars for her continuance did conspire:

Go on, saies she, unto thy Story's end,
Since nothing can my present grief extend,
Nor any parcel I expect to hear
Abate or ease my future sad Despair.
The worst's already felt, and left no more,
VVhat'e're thou utter'st, for me to deplore.
Briefly he then discoursing to her told
The sub'tle Deeds of *Archimago* old :
And false *Dueffa's* fair bewithing Charms,
With how her Knight won her from Pagan arms.
Then mentious into Trees two Lovers chang'd,
The house of *Pride*, and impious Vice there rang'd :
The Combat which her *Red-Cross* Hero fought
With fam'd *Sans-Joy*, and how the Giant stout
Her Knight surpriz'd, and him a Captive made,
Whether to die or live 'tis doubtful said.
All this she heard with patience to the end,
Striving to master Griefs that still contend,
And almost rent her tender Heart to find
The Man she valu'd, next to Heaven, unkind.

VVhose

Whose Virtue and Misfortunes pity mov'd,
And as she these recounts afresh she lov'd.
VVith torment still improving her sad cros,
As Sorrow did enhance her Lover's los.
VVishing her Perils, for his sake endur'd,
Had but his Life, if not his Love, secur'd.
Which thought again incites her stedfast mind
Her Hero dead or living yet to find.
And calling to the Dwarf to guide her way,
Ore Hills and Dales she thus distress'd does stray.
Her tender Cheeks and Limbs enduring cold,
Like Blossoms in fierce Seasons do unfold.
At last it hapen'd by good Fortune's guide,
That towards her a goodly Knight did ride,
And for his bold attendant had a Squire,
Ready to aid him with his Martial Fire.
The Knight's bright armour shin'd like glancing rays
Which *Phæbus* by reflection oft displays.
And was so firm array'd from Head to Feet,
That Steel to wound him could no passage get.

Athwart

Athwart his Breast in clusters Gems he wore,
That twinkling shin'd like Stars of Heaven's best store.
Amidst thereof was plac'd a Stone most bright,
Which liken'd Lady's-head unto the sight.
His wounding Sword by his Side comely hung,
And in an Ivory carved Sheath seem'd long.
Its Hilts were Gold, its hardy Handle made
Of choicest Pearl, and by a rich Belt stay'd.
His stately Helmet, tho of purest Gold,
Did on its Crest a Dragon's shape enfold
With horrid Paws, and over all did spread
His golden Wings, whilst from his dreadful Head
And flaming Mouth still sparkling Flames did glow:
And couch'd beneath his Back his Tail did show.
Upon the top of all his lofty Crest,
A bunch of various Hairs with Pearl was drest.
And mov'd by Air as jocund seem'd to dance,
As Branches which high Almond-trees advance.
But his fam'd Shield had closely cover'd been,
And rarely was by mortals ever seen:

No Brass or Steel best wrought did it compose,
 And firm cou'd shine when Rust had eaten those.
 Of clearest Diamond 'twas, by wondrous Art
 Hewn from its hardy Rock's transparent part:
 No Hero's Spear could ere it pierce in field,
 Or strongest Swords which vastest Giants weild.
 This he to human wonder ne're disclos'd,
 But when the worst of Monsters he oppos'd.
 Or matchless Armies daunted rank'd in field,
 Or Heaven's bright Lamps amaz'd when mov'd his [shield:
 Which so excessive did expand its Rays,
 As if like t'other Sun 'twould govern Dayes.
 VVhilst Silver *Cynthia*, with a paler Face,
 In her quick Sphere admiring flies apace.
 Nor Magick Arts, through which the Moon some say
 Constraint has felt, could to this Shield convey
 Blemish or change, nor 'gainst its clearest Fame
 False men behold it, and their Crimes not shame.
 And if t'appall the headstrong rout he fought,
 Stones it to dust transform'd, and dust to nought.

But

But when he'd prouder gazing Eyes subdue,
Its Rays them blind, or turn their Person's Hew:
Nor are these Deeds surpassing all belief,
Since this stupendious Shield, of Artist's Chief,
Great *Merlin* did from Magick Skill produce,
And by his Spells inspir'd its wondrous use.
Which mighty Present to this Prince he brought,
When first his youthful Courage Battels fought.
After whose brave decease the *Fairy Queen*
Within her Mansion kept it to be seen.
A gracious Youth, whom he entirely lov'd,
Carrying his *Heben* Spear behind him mov'd.
Grac'd to attend as this brave Prince's Squire,
And bear his Steel thrice season'd by the Fire.
Whose gallant Person on a war-like Steed
Sate, and by comely Manage check'd his speed.
Whilst foaming he the Reins and Rowels bit,
As if he scorn'd best Man should on him sit.
This Knight unto fair *Una* thus arriv'd,
By Meen and Speech his best Address contriv'd.

But

But when he found her Accents few and slow,
 He judg'd the cause arose from secret woe:
 Which to appease or banish from her mind,
 He does Pathetick Words on purpose find.
 And kindly begs that she'd to him relate,
 By what means her fair worth endur'd this Fate:
 This Speech so touching was, it found a way
 To move her Sorrows where they deepest lay:
 And now she sadly sighing yields to speak,
 Then stays her Lips till Tears her Eyes forsake.
 Letting him know how endless 'twere to tell
 The Troubles in her Soul's discomfits dwell. [creep
 Each thought of which like Death's-cold seem'd to
 Into her Breast, and there his pale Dart steep:
 And could but entertain the kindest Ear,
 With things that Pity would not wish to bear.
 Better redressless Harms, 'tis to conceal,
 Than with fresh bitter Pangs deeds past bewail.
 Think not, best Lady, said this Hero bold,
 That unto me your Story's fruitless told:

Since for your sake my Soul's with anguish struck,
 As on the Person and Complaints I look.
 But when particularly you shall impart
 Your Case and Sufferings to my ready Heart,
 My Arms or Counsel happily may find
 Some means to ease th' afflictions of your mind.
 But, Noblest Knight, takes she, the greatest Grief
 Not harder is to tell than find relief.
 And when express'd, does worse Intrigue despair,
 If found surpassing humane Aid or Care.
 But, Madam, where choice words refine the Soul,
 Doubt like a flaw does then its mirror foul.
 And tho' our outward Strength impar'd may seem,
 Reason, our Inward Prop, can that redeem.
 His goodly words, and well deliver'd Speech,
 So graciously did her Afflictions reach,
 As she resolves the bottom to disclose;
 Where Love and Fate did complicate her VVoes
 Letting him know succinctly as she might,
 How Stars design'd her Fortunes mock and spight.

Tho only Daughter of a King and Queen,
Whose Rule more far than *Euphrates* was seen:
Or *Gebon's* waves through mighty Regions glide,
And Sands enrich as flows their Golden Tide.
Thus great, my Parent's Scepter did command,
Till from lost'd Lakes in vilde *Tartarian* Land,
A mighty Dragon with a murderous hate,
Despoil'd by rav'nous power their Royal State.
Whilst to their strongest Fortrefs they took flight,
And guarded its huge Towers against his might.
Where round the place he brazen out-works drew,
And by four years strict Siege afflicts them now.
Endless 'twere to rehearse th' adventures great,
Or Armies led by Hero's to defeat
This wondrous Monster, whom no human Power
Could ere attack but it Piece-meal he tore;
And by continual Victories was known
Stronger than all the neighbouring World alone.
Whether from Unbelief, or tim'rous Sin,
His vanquish'd Prey so many Great have been.

At last induc'd by full assured Praise
Of war-like Knights, whom *Fairy Land* does blaze,
The Virgin Queen's *Gloriana's* Court I found,
For her great Deeds and Beauty far renown'd.
When circling round her Throne I did behold
Knights, that from figur'd Stars, did Honour hold:
Their Orders stately Cognizance which rose
From Ladies Garter found as Story goes.
And here of Knighthoods I hop'd some to find,
Who would from brave adventures be inclin'd
My Royal Parents valiantly to aid,
And kill the Dragon where his Leaguer's made.
At this fam'd Court I found a youthful Knight,
Whose early Vertue fought for hardy Fight.
Clean was his Heart, and, like his Heart, his Arms
Had ne're been stain'd by forcing guilty Harms.
Yet unto him was such high Prowess given,
As he seem'd, for Truth's Champion, rais'd by Heaven
And I, tho his sad Witness, have beheld,
How his strength, more than human, Foes had quell'd

Let these without all Episode assure
The hardy Battels he did oft endure :
As here you from his piercing Sword and Spear
Behold the Marks of Honour which they bear.
And which, none like his Valour ere could weild :
Tho since, his saddest Relicks left in field.
O! how is now my *Red-Cross* Knight distress'd,
That has lost these whose Valour us'd them best.
His Love I prov'd, by fair beginnings, had ;
When nought mistrusting, an Enchanter bad
His Sense abus'd, and vildly made him deem
My Faith unworthy of his great esteem.
But judge you Heavens that all things know aright,
If I less lov'd him than with all my Might.
Death I oft wish'd, tho Death I could not find,
As my Soul ponder'd on his deeds unkind.
And by wild wandrings, as my Fortune led,
I Footsteps left where none before did tread.
Whilst his irregular Flight us more disjoyns,
As from one Point shew far extended Lines.

Thus too too long he wearilefs did stray,
Till meeting Witch *Dueffa* in his way;
The Sorc'refs that againft my Truth conspir'd,
And with her feeming Beauty his heart fir'd.
And next by fubtle Charms his worth betray'd
To Giant vaster than, of old, earth made.
Who having him difarm'd, with his huge Mall,
Or ftunn'd or dead compell'd his mighty fall.
Tho never Man or Monster could before
Boaft the fuccefs, which fadly I deplore.
Not all ſhe tells before her Spirits faint :
Whilft with apt words he foftens her Complaint;
Letting her know, tho great's her caufe of Grief,
That he'd not reft till given her Knight Relief.
Which chearful words her drooping vitals raife,
And moving on the Dwarf well guides their way

CANTO VIII.

The Argument.

*Fair Una seeks her Lover still,
And Arthur brings to fight :
Who doth strange Beast and Giant kill,
And strips Duesla quite.*

HOW from the World would best men harms receive,
Did not Celestial succours them relieve:

And by the Influence of divinest Grace
Assist their weakness in each suffering Case.
When oft through human frailty they least see
The Steps they take unto their Misery.
All which the captive Red-Cross Knight did feel,
Till this great Prince attempts his aid with Steel.
Who trav'ling with fair Una had arriv'd
Unto a Castle high and strong contriv'd.
When saies the Dwarf, see, yonder is the place,
To which my Lord was carry'd with disgrace.

Wherefore Great Sir, imploy your valiant Power,
And free my noble Master this sad hour.
Which heard, brave *Arthur* soon leaps off his Steed,
And to a Station does the Lady lead:
Desiring her, with Comfort to expect;
What he might 'gainst her Giant Foe effect.
Then moving on with his devoted Squire,
He to this mighty Fortrefs approach'd nigher:
Whose vast Gates being shut and strongly barr'd,
No living thing was made their VVatch, or Guard.
Which when perceiv'd, the Knights bold Squire does
His Bugle Horn, of more than wondrous make, ^{[take}
That hung along his side in twisted Gold,
Adorn'd with Tassels richest to behold.
To Fame its admir'd Vertues had been known,
When ere in Battel or in Siege 'twas blown.
Nor was there stoutest Man that did it hear,
But felt in every Vein a Pannick Fear. ^{[sound,}
Whose piercing Shrill could three Miles distance
Whilst trembling echo'd the Horizon round.

Not Hell's Inchantments or devis'd Deceit,
 If blown this Horn, could scape their soon Defeat.
 Nor Lock so firm, or Gate with Iron barr'd,
 But open flew where this shrill noise was heard.
 And when before *Orgoglio's* Gate 'twas blown,
 Quaking around was his vast Castle shown.
 Which as the Giant, repos'd in a Bower
 With false *Duessá* heard, this wondrous hour:
 When mingling luscious Kisses with their Lips:
 Now, tho unquench'd his strenuous lustful heats;
 From her smooth Bosom full inflam'd retreats.
 And rushing forth alarum'd with the noise,
 Curseth the hour that interrupts his Joys.
 And ghastly staring like some one amaz'd,
 Trembling he treads as round his huge Eyes gaz'd.
 Next whom *Duessá*, with an amorous flame,
 On her seven-headed Monster stately came.
 Triumphant like on his vast body seen,
 And rich attir'd as any new crown'd Queen.

In

In each head had this Beast a fiery Tongue,
From whence drop'd Flames as here he mov'd along:
Whilst his wide Jaws on all sides pour'd forth blood,
And shew'd his cruel glutting by his Food.
When this great Knight this wondrous Beast beheld,
Upon his manly Arm he plac'd his Shield;
And at him with undaunted Valour flew,
Resolv'd he'd first this Monster's Strength subdue.
Which when the Giant saw, with high disdain,
He strives his Beast and Mistress to maintain.
And interposing with his Club of Oak,
Designs against his Foe a high-heav'd Stroak.
But whilst the mighty thing erects his Blow,
Thinking to bruise the Prince to Atoms so;
The height to which he lifts his mighty Mall,
Gave this brave Person time to avoid its fall:
By leaping quick, from whence he stood, aside,
As who'd the force of Thunder-bolt abide.
Nor does he judge it shame for gallant Man
To wave the force no Mortal can withstand.

VVhich

VWhich here he did by such a dextrous way,
 As him the huge Club miss'd and stuck in Clay :
 And so deep too, that three yards under ground
 It rais'd a Furrow, and forc'd earth to sound.
 As when from Heaven, some mighty Thunder's force
 Rend's things that hardest doe withstand its course.
 Till striking through the surface, thence it throws
 A Mount of Earth that its rough passage shows.
 The Giant's mighty Log in Clay thus stuck,
 And could not soon be mov'd by his strong pluck.
 The nimble Knight assails him cumber'd now,
 And strikes off his huge Arm at one keen Blow.
 VWhich fell to ground like some Tree's tallest Limb,
 And in blood of his bleeding Trunk did swim.
 Raging the Monster felt this desperate wound,
 And loudly bray'd with such a hideous sound,
 That ambient air rebellow'd it again,
 As when the vastest Bulls in *Cymbrian* Plain,
 Lowing do want their milky female Herd,
 And all the Horizon round, their roaring heard.

VWhen

VWhen proud *Duess*a saw her Giants Fate,
Fearing thence hazzard of her high Estate :
To aid at once her puff'd-up Lust and Pride,
Towards the victorious Knight inflam'd does ride
Mounted aloft upon the ravenous Beast
Which late was pamper'd with a murderous feast
And now ramp'd forth presumptuously apace,
As all his heads like flaming Brands did blaze.
But him, with his keen Sword fam'd *Arthur's* Squire,
Ere to his Lord arriv'd, forc'd to retire.
The haughty Witch affronted to disdain,
Compell'd her Purple Beast to turn again.
Whilst still this brave Attendant intervenes,
And from his Lord the Monster still restrains.
Then took the angry Witch her Golden Cup,
From whence had many drunk their direful Sup.
And full enchanted by her Magick Tongue,
The wicked Liquor on the Squire she flung:
VWhich did his sturdy Courage so dismay,
As powerless he before his Master lay.

When,

When, with foul sanguine Claws the cruel Beast
Crushing his neck had his Life near deprest.
This as his Lord and Champion did perceive,
His armed hand attempts his Squire's Relief.
By noble Sorrow mov'd his valiant Heart,
As he beheld his Servant's suffering part.
And close advancing his approved Blade,
'Gainst one head of the Beast such entrance made:
As it unto his Jaws his Skull divides,
Whence waves of Blood did gush like strongest tides.
And overflowing all the place around,
Caus'd the Prince deep to wade on bloody ground.
And now tormented with exceeding Pain,
The Monster scurg'd the Air with his long Train.
Vex'd to impatience for his sever'd Brow,
And raging thus, almost had hurled low
His haughty Rider, till her Giant came
To aid his Mistress with revengeful flame.
Who high enrag'd, with smart and frantick Ire,
Weilding his Club the Knight forc'd to retire.

And

And rais'd by courage, thinks his strength now more
In one remaining Arm than both before.

With which he lifts up high his mighty Stroke,
That by't his Foe might be in pieces broak :

And gives both Shield and Person such a blow,
That, as a bended Plant, the Man bows low.

What Life but his could have endur'd the like,
Since blows, are more than blows, that Giants strike.
But as he fell, by an admired chance,

The Veil before his Shield aside did glance :

The Beams whereof so piercingly were bright,
That Eyes they dazl'd, or bereav'd of sight.

The staring Grant, when beheld this Shield,
No longer could his Timber-weapon weild :

But drops it from his hand, tho lifted high
To kill the Hero on the ground did lie.

The many-headed Beast, on whom in state
The Witch yet sits, now feels his darksom Fate :
And stumbles blindly in the dirty field,
Seeming as overcome himself to yield.

VVhich seen, the Hagg does on *Orgoglio* call
To end the Knight lest he destroy 'em all.
Her piteous Gries her Champion's Soul did move,
Like one in point of Honour fought and Love.
And once more to his hand his Club does take,
But 'gainst that Shield could no Encounter make.
As when by Lightning human Sense is struck,
Or Eyes on Objects never more can look.
This done, the Prince to kill him next address'd,
Having first round his head his Sword thrice ble's'd.
Then cuts his Foes huge right Leg off at Knee,
And sees him fall as does the rootless Tree.
Or as some Castle of the strongest form,
Is won without adventuring a Storm:
As by degrees her Basis does decay
When Miners dig her rocky Limbs away.
And falls at last as does the Giant here,
Shaking the Earth his ruin'd bulk does bear.
The nimble Knight upon the Corps soon stood,
And cuts the head off to discharge the Blood :

VVhich

VVhich iffuing like a Fountain from his Veins,
His filthy gore his wallowing Body stains.
And dead a while to Fame ſuch wonder left,
That as a Bladder ſhews of Air bereft
His maſſy ſubſtance leaves no more behind,
Than a thin film that had been ſwoll'n by wind.
The luſtful Witch ſeeing her vaſt Lover kill'd,
Her Cup of Gold, with Magick Liquor fill'd,
She caſts away, and next to ground doeth throw
The ſtately Miter that adorn'd her Brow.
With ſorrow and diſdain oppreſ'd her Soul,
As her Charms could not Deſtiny controul:
And leaving all behind from them had fled,
Had not the nimble Squire o'retook her Speed,
Whom he turns back, and to his Lord with Smiles
Presents her as a Trophy to his Toils.
The Royal Virgin who beheld afar,
The whole Atchievements of this doubtful War:
In haſte arrives, and bending low her Knees,
Congratulates his wondrous Victories:

Letting

Letting him know her Soul was pos'd to tell,
 How much his worth all mortals does excell.
 And had for her, a hapless Virgin, done
 Exploits his Vertue ever must renown.
 T' retaliate which, she nothing could express,
 Other, than still oblig'd, her self confess.
 Monsters of unknown kind you have subdu'd,
 And seen them die in their own blood embru'd.
 And but remaining the accursed Dame
Duessa, who with Charms and impious flame
 My dearest Lord has wickedly betray'd,
 And by her means here in a Dungeon lay'd.
 O hear, how his sad voice from under ground,
 More doleful is than dying Mandrakes sound.
 Her piteous moan great *Arthur* does deplore,
 And bids his Squire secure the Scarlet Whore.
 Till this vast Castle search'd he finds the place,
 Where lies in loathsome Durefs and Disgrace
 The *Red-Cross* Knight; still hoping for his Guide
 To find some mortal that did there reside.

L

VWhen

VWhen passing Rooms such stilness to him seem'd,
As if there Nature had a *Vacuum* deem'd.
Nor did the loudest words that he could talk,
Summon one living thing to speak or walk.
Until a creeping Crooked-man that way
Pass'd, as he us'd, about this time of day.
VWhose sight had from his age him long forsook,
And leaning on a Staff, weak Steps he took.
And bunch of Keys upon his Arm he bore,
Yet had forgot their Use, or proper Door.
Their substance much appear'd decay'd by Rust,
As but his Badge they seem'd of former Trust.
But far more awkward 'twas unto the sight,
To see how Nature did his movement spite.
For as he forward stept his wrinkl'd Face
Behind still turn'd, like none of humane Race.
An ancient Keeper of this Castle he
Had long time been, as Stories doe agree.
His Name *Ignaro*, whence was his *Genius* read,
And Foster-father to the Giant dead.

The Prince an honourer of aged Hairs,
Unto him with becoming Meen repairs :
And gently ask'd where all the People were,
That in this stately Fabrick Office bear :
Or if he knew in what place was dispos'd
The Knight whom the late Giant had oppos'd.
To which, *Ignaro* said he did not know.
The Prince then ask'd what way he'd forward show
To whom the Man, He could not tell, reply'd,
And in like words all Knowledge still deny'd.
Which heard, the Hero with displeasure said,
How mean is age that does due Manners need ?
Wherefore, old Sir, methinks your Silver Head
Should least with idle Mocks be furnished.
And since tho'ast liv'd to Nature's grave degree,
As gravely answer what I ask of thee.
But still he said, That he could nothing say ;
Which speech repeated oft one senseless way :
The noble Prince his anger did restrain,
And like his Name, thought Ignorance his Vein.

Then stepping, from his Arm the Keys dos reach,
That open'd every Door without a breach.
And well he might, when no Barricado there,
Or Foe t'impede his entrance every where.
Tho all within excessive rich he found,
No Prince's lavish Court could more abound.
But all the Floors, too grievous to betold,
With Blood of Babes and Innocents were foul'd.
And on those, for prophane Pollution strown
Some Martyrs Ashes thick as seed fresh sown.
An Altar there of Marble-stone was rais'd,
Where Tyrants in their figur'd Pomp were prais'd
That living glory'd in their impious Guilt
Of holy Blood, oft on this Altar spilt.
Whilst blessed Spirits, beneath the Stone did lie,
To Heaven for Vengeance loudly seem'd to cry.
And grievously were often heard to groan,
That hardest Heart could not but them bemoan.
Fully each Room the valiant Prince had sought
To find the Knight for Bondage thither brought.

At last unto an Iron Door was come,
But found no Key could open that dark Room.
And in't a Grate was plac'd, tho very small,
Through which with all his power he loud does call.
Whom to respond, a hollow mournful sound
Was heard, like Ghost conjur'd, from under ground,
Saying, O welcome Man! if, as my choice,
Thou summon'st me to die by thy stern Voice.
Whilst my Grievs here worst pangs of Death tran-
Like one alive is bury'd life to end. [scend,
Yet thus have liv'd, full three Moons various hours,
Without beholding Beam from heavenly Powers.
Which, when this Champion heard, with noble grief
And Courage joyn'd, he attempts the Knights relief.
When thrusting strongly at the Iron Door,
His Strength to wonder it soon open tore.
Where entring he by no firm Steps could tread,
But such with steep descent him forward led.
And all in dark a dismal Stench did smell,
Such as the Poets write is breath'd from Hell.

But neither noisom Damps or Darkness could
This famous Knight from his design withhold.
Who after loathsome VVays and Perils past,
By painful Search he found the Knight at last.
And lifting him from ground with tender care,
From this dark depth the Man to light does beare.
But such a worn and ghastly shape had he,
Of Body pin'd by tedious Misery :
That his late radiant Eyes were pitted low,
And wasted did a fixed dimness shew.
His ruddy Cheeks that heretofore had been
Admir'd by Beauties, now consumed seen.
His brawny Limbs of flesh and strength bereav'd,
That oft had armed Foes in pieces cleav'd.
Whilst even his comely Growth and vital Power,
Was shrunk within him like a wither'd Flower.
Whom when fair *Una* saw, 'twards him she mov'd,
Like Woman joy'd to meet the Man belov'd.
Yet griev'd to see his pale and cheerless Face,
That once she thought surpassed mortal Race.

And

And when she wasted had a Flood of Tears :
 Ah, dearest Knight, she said, what evil Stars
 Have now bereav'd you of your beauteous Youth,
 Or your heart influenc'd to suspect my Truth.
 But welcome still my ever loved Lord,
 My Comfort in all straits I'll you afford.
 And Fortune only blame for being unkind,
 Without imputing Folly to your mind.
 From harsh extreams our good does often grow,
 Like Seed in Winter seasons men do sow.
 These words, tho' kind, the Man could little please,
 Whose famish'd Bowels wanted other ease.
 Then to the Lady gallant *Arthur* said,
 All Grief repeated is more grievous made :
 Nor can the softest sounds delight the Ear
 Of him that loathing does the Musick hear.
 From actions past no Counsel can arise,
 Other than future Care of being more wise.
 And in my Heart this Maxim fix'd I find,
 That constant Bliss abides not with Mankind.

And for you *Red-Cross* Knight, let Patience be
The wise appeaser of your Misery.
To which adjoyn all fitting Means and Care,
That may your body's wasted Strength repair.
And now behold how in a monstrous length
Your Foe lies dead in spite of his vast Strength.
The wicked Woman too within your power,
The rise of all the Grievs you most deplore.
Her Giant-Champion, nor her hellish Charms,
Could joyn'd withstand the Vertue of my Arms.
To you I'll leave t'inflict her vile desert,
Who caus'd both yours and *Una's* suffering part.
To which with comely Meen the Royal Maid
These words unto Heroick *Arthur* said.
Know Prince, I intercede that she may'nt die,
Whose life's to mean to be my Enemy.
Enough if stript from her false Robes and Tire,
She does a loathed Hagg to Fiends retire.
Soon as she spoke, the stately Purple Dress,
Adorn'd by Gems, that shin'd with rich excess:

They took from off the Witch, with every thing
To her deceitful Beauty Grace did bring.
Whose crafty head, when off her Dress was thrown,
Was with a leprous Scurf and Baldness shown.
No Teeth were seen within her wither'd Jaws,
And from her Lungs a putrid Breath she draws.
Her secret parts more nauseous to rehearse,
Than does become the Modesty of Verse.
Her scabby Chin as rough as Maple-Rind,
Too loathsome for the sight of Womankind.
A Foxes Tail hung at her Rump Be——
Her Feet to wonder monstrous to the sight.
For one of them was like an Eagle's Claw,
The other seem'd a Bear's most ugly Paw.
Whilst all the Beauties she possess'd before,
Ceas'd as false Objects caus'd by Magick Power.
The loathed Witch prodigiously thus seen,
To what her former looks and shape had been;
The Royal *Una*, with a blushing Grace,
Bids all behold the impious cou'sning Face

Of false *Dneffa*, whose foul Features shown,
They left her free to wander ways unknown.
Who flies away detesting Heaven's fair sight,
And Eyes that her black Guilt had brought to light;
Till she unto obscurest Desarts came,
There to conceal her full deserved Shame.
And now fair *Una*, as best Vertue's Gold,
Prov'd by Extreame, these Hero's do behold.
When for her *Red-Cross* Knight her Cares apply
The choicest Means for his Recovery.
As in this Castle they remain'd a while,
Where curious Food and Ease indulg'd their Toil.

CANTO

C A N T O IX.

The Argument.

*Arthur his Love and Lineage speaks,
And Friendship does unite.
Sir Trevisan Despair escapes,
And meets the Red-Cross Knight.*

O Wondrous Vertue! by whose secret tie
Great Souls unite their brave Humanity:
And like to noblest Allies of the mind,
Their common Glory to their Actions joyn'd.
Ready whom Fortune does depress to raise,
And where Fame call'd as largely gave their praise.
As of Heroicks ancient Stories tell,
Whose Amity and Valour did excel.
And such was here Prince *Arthur's* glorious Fame,
Who freed the captive Knight by Martial Flame.
Whose Body late by sufferings pin'd had been,
By Care and best Repast repair'd was seen.

VWhen

When his bold Soul with soonest Strength conspir'd,
To be again in far Campaigns admir'd.
Or where his Arms might Gratitude dispense
For his Obligements to this valiant Prince.
And now they all this admir'd Castle leave,
Lest Ease their Souls of Glory should deceive :
And with a resolute Gallantry combine ,
How they Adventures bravest might design.
But ere they parted were, the Royal Maid
VVith grateful Speech to gallant *Arthur* said :
I et me, Great Sir, your Name and Lineage know,
To whom my *Red-Cross* Knight his Life does owe ;
And I, that wandering far his loss deplor'd,
Am by your Valour to his Love restor'd.
Most beauteous Lady, this great Prince reply'd,
What you desire is unto me deny'd :
I being unto a *Fairy Knight* convey'd,
When first my Lips to Mother's Breasts were lay'd.
And by this Cavalier, unknown to me,
Had princely Breeding from my Infancy.

VVhose

VVhose Care did to old *Timon* me commit,
 In Letters held profound and Martial VVit.
 That from best Copies I might early know
 Deeds that became my future Life to do.
 VVhose war-like Youth, as *Fairy* Stories tell,
 Did approv'd Knights in Chivaldry excell.
 His dwelling's in a Valley's fruitful Green,
 Whence mossy *Rauran's* Mountain top is seen:
 And Silver *Dee's* first rowling Streams arise,
 As if they headlong tumbled from the Skies.
 Here profound *Merlin* oft did visit me,
 Being charg'd my Tutor's Care to oversee,
 Inquiring if best Studies I pursu'd,
 And how their worth my growing mind imbu'd?
 Or if I war-like Acts of Hero's read,
 As unto Arms my youth was early bred.
 Of him I ask'd from whence my Blood did spring?
 Who said I was begotten by a King.
 But would not tell my Royal Father's Name,
 Till riper years more fully spread my Fame.

VVhich

Which from his wondrous Skill he did divine,
Fore-speaking Deeds in future time were mine.
Well, saies the Lady, did your Vertue grace
Your Tutor's Precepts, tho of mortal Race
His sublime Science highest did transcend?
But, Sir, if I may ask, declare the end
That you induc'd to travel *Fairy Land*,
Out-doing Prowess by your valiant Hand.
VVhat you ask, beauteous Princess, is far more
Than Reason can effectually explore:
Since supream Causes that our minds do guide,
Heaven does within the highest Curtain hide.
By what Fate likewise I my Country left,
And of my inward Comfort there bereft:
From my Soul's search no less obscure does lie,
Than Object sought by Dream or Exstasie.
So strange my Grief that I no means can find
From Thought or Travel to assuage my mind.
Ah! courteous Prince, saies she, what secret Dart
Could so unkindly wound your gentle Heart?

If Love's the Cause, what Lady wou'd not be
 Devoted to your Person's Gallantry?
 And might I that hard-hearted Beauty know,
 To soften her I'de Intercessor go.
 Much honour'd Lady, you too pronely fan
 The glowing Cinders which in me remain.
 Nor can their Fervour cease, till in my Breath
 Their Fewel shall evaporate by death.
 But since my silence less'neth not my Fire,
 I will reveal what you so much desire.
 Mean while, O mighty Love, thy Shaftslay by,
 And grant me power to speak thy Victory.
 Sometime-ago when Nature's chearful Spring
 Did vig'rous influence to all Creatures bring,
 And kindly Heat did gradually improve
 The soft desires of Souls propense to love:
 VVhen in my youthful Breast I did not feel
 The amorous Darts that into Bosoms steal.
 As ancient *Tymon* had, with study'd Skill,
 'Gainst Love's alluring Snares confirm'd my Will.

Adding

If

Adding that Passions should least passage find
To Princes Souls, whose Conducts rule Mankind.
But all in vain, as what Heart can resist
The force of Love which Nature does assist?
Unless Celestial Motives do controul
The frail Affections of the human Soul.
And 'twas my Fate, when most I did despise
The power of Love, to feel my own surprize.
Tho I before had laugh'd at *Cupid's* Darts,
And Tales of Lovers captivated Hearts.
Not judging that e're Beauty's tempting Shrine
Should by my thoughts have been allow'd div
VVhilst on a day, as in the Forrest far
A Steed I rode most fearless prov'd by War : [Face
Judging that Fields, and Floods, nay Heaven's bright
Smil'd, as I there the nimble Hart did chace.
When surfeited with Sports I did alight
VVhere Shades did softest my Repose invite :
And on my Helmet, wanting Pillows, lay'd,
Whilst soon each Sense my slumbring Heart obey'd.

To

To me in sleep, I thought did then appear
 A Face more beauteous than the Evening Sphere:
 Princely her Habit was, and look'd as kind
 As gentlest Virgin for a Throne design'd.
 And lying down she seem'd by me to rest,
 So fair a Creature ne're my Eyes had blest.
 And next by Courtly Graces me assay'd,
 Bidding me love her, tho she first love made.
 Since her Affection she did on me place,
 Whom she held most renown'd of human Race:
 As Time, she said, should perfect her intent;
 And why she us'd her present Blandishment.
 Never had Dreamer's Soul felt such delight;
 As mine did from her words and looks that Night.
 And ere her charming Visage she withdrew,
 Methought she told her Name and Greatness too;
 Letting me know she was the Virgin Queen,
 Whose Rule in *Fairy Land* admir'd had been.
 When I awak'd, no Man was e're so joy'd,
 Until I saw the place she lay on void.

M

And

And but on Grass th' Impression left behind
Of her neat Figure fancy'd by my mind.
If I indulg'd my Dream of her before,
I now her vanish'd Form as much deplore.
Nor could I chuse but shed Tears on the ground,
Where my Soul thought her person to have found.
Vow'd I have ne're to rest until I see
The Sphere where shines her comely Majesty.
For which Cause I long painful Travel took,
And my dear Clime and Princely home forsook.
This having said, upon his youthful Face
A dismal Pale began to spread apace.
And as his Passion to conceal he strove,
He more discover'd his resistless Love.
When gentle *Una* thus to him did speak,
Happy, O *Fairy Queen*, thy Stars thee make,
If for thy Bosom they this Prince design,
And to thy mighty Rule his Prowess joyn.
To which reply'd the Illustrious *Red-Cross* Knight:
O beauteous *Una*, full of heavenly Light,

Next to this Queen's fair Virtues thine I'll place,
 Whose wondrous Truth surpasseth mortal Race.
 And in my worst Extreame approv'd more clear,
 Than Stars that brightest fix'd above appear.
 And noblest Prince, my valiant Patron, know,
 That to your Vertue Love and Life I owe.
 Wishing you might be, where you love, possessest,
 Since your worth only hers can merit best.
 Now was the chearful Sun well near arose,
 Whence Light its wondrous far Expansion shows;
 As these great Persons had their Stories told,
 Mix'd with soft Wishes and Adventures bold.
 Whilst Princely *Arthur*, with a pensive mind,
 Further his Amorous Voyage had design'd.
 But ere these Hero's part, they strictly ty'd
 Their Souls in Links of bravest Amity.
 Embracing solemnly with armed Hands,
 As Chiefs of old took leave on war-like Strands.
 And being Persons of supream Estate,
 They Presents gave reciprocally great.

A Diamond Box, all Value did surpass,
Containing Balm to heal most precious was:
Prince *Arthur* gave unto the *Red-Cross* Knight
To cure his wounds when e're receiv'd in fight.
Which to requite the Knight does him present,
In letter'd Gold and choicest Ornament,
His Saviour's Gospel, fittest to refine
The Souls of Kings that would rule most divine.
And now great *Arthur* first his way does take,
As his Love's Progress he design'd to make.
Leaving fair *Una* to her valiant Knight,
Who long'd against her Foes in field to fight.
But as she deem'd not yet enough his strength
For bold Attempts, or dangerous Travel's length:
So she advis'd that he'd short Periods make,
Till longer Journeys he could vigorous take.
Thus passing forward, soon they did espy
A Knight that seem'd well arm'd unto the Eye;
That towards them in confus'd haste did ride,
Like one successless had his Prowess try'd:

Or from his dreaded Foe design'd his haft,
 Or other thing that him had more agast.
 Still as he fled his Eye he cast behind,
 Whilst his Steed mov'd loose-rein'd as is the Wind.
 As he drew near they could perceive his Hair
 Above his naked Head upright to stare.
 Nor drop of Blood throughout his Face appear'd,
 Nor Life in Limb, so dismally he fear'd.
 And in reproach of Knighthoods fair degree,
 A Hempen Rope worn on his Arms they see.
 Tho he no more consider'd his Disgrace,
 Than one in whom Remembrance had no place.
 To him quick mov'd the war-like *Red-Cross* Knight,
 Who ask'd the Cause of his unmanly Fright.
 But soon discern'd the man was so dismay'd,
 As even of himself he seem'd afraid.
 Fear still improving his Amazement more
 Than human Eye had e're observ'd before.
 Often he ask'd him what his Flight provok'd,
 Whilst t'other ghastly staring no word spoke.

Till, quaking every Limb, a means he found,
By faltring Speech, to give these Accents found.
For Heaven's sake Knight do not my haste deny,
Since he apace pursues from whom I'de fly.
Then looking back he forward would have made,
But t'other stops him who was thus afraid.
Embold'ning him by hearty Speech to tell,
How this strange Horror on his Soul befel.
O'recome at last, he his stiff Silence broke,
And with a trembling Chill thus further spoke.
And am I now in safety here, saies he,
From him that would have forc'd my Misery?
Or may I hope to wave Death's cruel Dart,
Whilst I the Story tell that frights my Heart.
Doubt not, the *Red-Cross* Knight to him reply'd,
Since for Man's aid my Sword has oft been try'd.
Hear then, said he, what sadder I beheld,
Than Fate had ever mortal Eye compell'd.
And had I not, forlorn, found aid from Grace,
I had partaken of the dismal Place:

As 'twas my chance, a fatal one to me,
 With a fair Knight to joyn Society:
 His Name Sir *Terwin*, to the VVorld well known,
 From deeds that gave his Vertue bold Renown.
 VVhose Lot it was to love a Lady fair,
 VVho, him neglecting, caus'd his Love's despair.
 For proud she was, and had by Pride design'd
 To triumph most when most her Lover pin'd.
 His first Address repuls'd, I prov'd him sad,
 As by the way of her we mention had.
 VVhen riding on we met an impious Man,
 Or Wretch more vile than Sun e're shin'd upon:
 From this curs'd thing I hither fled in fear,
 Who calls himself, from hellish Guilt, *Despair*.
 At first he much enquir'd our State and Deeds;
 Hiding his ends as Serpents lie in VVeeds.
 VVhen us he knew, and how our feeble Hearts
 VVere deeply wounded by Love's piercing Darts:
 VVith harsh reviling Language he reprov'd
 The hopes we had of ever being belov'd.

And as he thus us comfortless had made,
His Speech does next our loss of Life perswade.
To me he gave this Rope to cease my Grief,
And for Sir *Terwin's* end a rusty Knife.
My amorous Friend, provided thus for Death,
A wide way forc'd to let out living Breath.
But I more fearful, or more lucky fled,
Leaving that Knight, from his dire Act, near dead.
O may not Mortals more this Charmer hear,
Lest they with others the same Fate should share.
Was ever Man, the *Red-Cross* Knight reply'd,
Before thus made an impious *Suicide*?
My VVoes, sayes he, too late this Truth assure,
Nor could I for Earth's Wealth the same endure.
His subtle Tongue such tempting words instils,
As Heart and Veins its baneful Sweetness fills.
Let none him find, and Lovers most beware,
Lest to your wish'd-for Bliss he joyns Despair.
Guide me, the Hero answer'd, and I'll find
This false and cruel Hater of Mankind.

In Soull more monstrous, than was ere before
Wafted by *Charon* o're the *Stygian* shore,
A Knight I you suppose, since on your Arms
I see remaining signs of Martial Harms.
Howe're by treacherous Fate you were design'd
To seek your safety with affrighted mind.
My Name's Sir *Trevisan*, and back will ride,
Since you desire that I should be your Guide.
But beg that I may leave you near the place,
For at no rate again I'de see his Face.
Not long they had pass'd thorough desert Ground,
But the sad dwelling of this VVretch they found.
Who underneath a Cliff possess'd a Cave,
Dark and full dismal as the greedy Grave.
On top whereof liv'd the sad-boding Owl,
And never haunted by Air's chearful Fowl.
And all around it wandring Ghosts still walk'd,
That ghastly look'd, and in Hell's Language talk'd.
The ragged Trees on which no Fruit e're grew,
Upon th' adjacent Rock did wither'd shew.

On

On these had many Wretches hanged been,
Whose Carcases were scatter'd round the Green;
Or thrown along the Cliffs, as fore afraid
The strange bare-headed Knight had them survey'd,
Who would again have fled as he drew near,
Had not fair *Una's* Hero check'd his fear.
The darksome Cave they enter'd, where was found
That cursed Man low sitting on the ground.
His grizly Hairs beneath his Shoulders long,
And hid his Face as they disorder'd hung.
Deep pitted were his dismal Eyes, and star'd
Like one whose sullen mind had still despair'd.
Ghastly his hollow Jaws and Cheeks were pin'd,
And look'd throughout like one that never din'd.
His Garment diverse was of ragged Clout,
Which, pinn'd by Thorns, his Body hung about.
And by him was a dead Man bleeding seen,
Whose bloody hand had his own Murd'rer been.
All naked in his gore he wallowed lay,
As in him stuck the Knife that him did slay.

VWhich

VWhich piteous sight, as *Trevifan* had told,
 VWhen the great Hero fully did behold :
 He to the Villain said, Thou cursed thing,
 And Author whence this horrid Guilt does spring.
 In thy best Blood imbrued thou shalt die,
 To expiate thy profess'd Cruelty.
 What frantick Fit, has thus distracted thee,
 Vain Man, that gives so rash a doom to me?
 Is't Justice, think'st thou, to deny him death,
 That grants he longer does not merit Breath?
 None here, to die, did this Desparer force,
 Who kill'd himself to end Life's grievous Course.
 Nor is't unjust that loathed life should cease,
 When Men from other means can find no ease.
 Who weary travelleth a tedious way,
 And sees a Stream that does his Passage stay,
 Will he not thank the Aid by which 'tis past,
 Or frees his Feet that did in Mire stick fast?
 Most envious he that hinders others good,
 Or stays their Passage that attend the Flood.

What

What tho Death's Pains awhile distaste our Sense,
If Rest for ever be our Recompence.

The Port attain'd the Pilate's Care does cease,
And Souldiers fight to gain their future ease.

Thus Man oppress'd himself by Death should free,
Like one that at his wanted home would be.

The Knight admiring at his ready Wit:

Said, Wretch consider, what thou wouldst admit.

Or dost thou judge that human Life is given,

At will to leave without offending Heaven?

Don't we our Maker so refuse to trust,

That gives us Periods ere we end in Dust?

Who like a Sovereign Chief does Man command,

On his Life's Duty Centinel to stand.

And not for fear of Death his post to quit,

Till the Drum beats that does his Watch remit.

If Man his first beginning cannot know,

Other than Heaven's revealed Will does show,

Dares he presume that he has rightful power

To end his dayes at his appointed hour:

VVhen

When 'tis his duty to attend God's Call,
And with content, when that time comes, to fall.
From length of years, reply'd the Caitiff then,
Improved are the Crimes of wicked Men.
And all those Battels which thou boasts to win
Through wrath or blood-shed, or more daring Sin,
Expect thy Death shall bloodily repay,
Shouldst thou defer thy Guilt unto that day.
Better to end thy youth Adventures here,
And justly cruel to thy self appear;
Since all the Actions of thy warful Life,
At best can claim but glorious bloody Strife.
Or grant no Foe thy Fury could subdue,
Age, Sorrow, Sicknes, thee can vanquish'd show:
Besides a thousand Ills that Fortune can
Add to the lingring wretched living Man.
And if thou't duely weigh thy Knightly State,
With what thy vain Atchievements caus'd of late;
VVhen from a Dungeon thou for Death didst call,
Yet Fate, to end thee worse, there spar'd thy fall.

VVhich

VVhich thou, if Stars are just, ought'st to expect
Pour'd on thy head, since from thy false neglect
This gracious Lady's Vertue suffer'd wrong,
As thou the Witch *Duessä* courtedst long.
VVhat more Heroick can for thee remain,
Than by thy hand to lie at her Feet slain?
Canst thou hear this and let one Minute flye,
Ere, full detesting Life, thou hast to dye?
These words the Hero's Soul so deeply pierc'd,
As thence, by thought, his past Crimes were rehears'd
Which he, with secret Horror soon bewail'd,
Whilst deep Despair his resolute Heart assail'd.
To heighten which the wicked Man did shew
A Table-book, wherein the figur'd Crew
Of damned Ghosts such Torments did lament,
As threaten'd Crimes the Knight was to repent.
VVhich sight, th' afflicted Hero, much dismay'd,
Of nothing but th' Almighty's VVrath afraid.
Doubting that all the Courage of his Soul
Might not his now despairing thoughts controul.

This

This by the Villain found, to him he brought
 All means of speedy Death that could be sought.
 Offering to him Ropes, Poisons, Sword, or Fire,
 So he'd soon chuse by which he would expire.
 But when the Knight these Offers did withstand,
 The VVretch a Dagger keen gives him to hand:
 Bidding him deeply pierce his troubled Breast,
 And free from past and future Evils rest.
 Trembling the Hero did this gift receive,
 As in suspense if longer best to live.
 VVhilst from his Heart past tidings to and fro
 By Looks, that did his Soul's disturbance show.
 At last proceeds to force his final Smart,
 Had *Una* not stept 'twixt his Blow and Heart.
 VVho interposing with a frighted look,
 The cursed Dagger from his hand she took:
 And in despite upon the ground it flung;
 Next lets him know from her becoming Tongue,
 The rash intention of his evil mind,
 And how such Actions leave their stain behind.

Guilt

Guilt far more hellish than the Dragon's might,
VVith whom you boldly late design'd to fight.
Clear first Despair's black Tincture from your heart,
Lest deeds conspicuous fail your future part.
And thus resolv'd leave soon this wicked place,
VVhose owner dares defie Celestial Grace.
As she advis'd away they went in haste:
VVhich as the Churl observ'd, and that his Guest
Withdrew in safety, much the VVretch repin'd
To live, the Ills not done which he design'd.
And chusing for his end a well-try'd Rope,
To hang himself he took a swinging scope.
But death he could not by that means obtain,
VVhieh he a thousand times had prov'd in vain.
Decreed, by *Pluto*, that he ne're should die,
But as he liv'd find sad Eternity.

CANTO

CANTO X.

The Argument.

*The faithful Knight by Una's brought
To Piety's Abode:
Where he is strict Repentance taught,
And led to Heaven's high Road.*

W^Hat force of human understanding can
Gainst spiritual Foes defend th'assaulted man.
When best disposed Mortals must confess,
That 'tis Heaven's Grace that gives their Souls success;
And that their mortal Forms want Power or Will,
Other than do proceed from Fonds of Ill.
This heavenly *Una* had beheld of late
In her lov'd *Red-Cross* Knight's distress'd Estate.
Whose body's strength to feebleness impair'd,
By delicate Food and Care she much repair'd.
But with far greater Diligence design'd,
From pious Comforts to confirm his mind.

N

And

And by Heaven's cleansing Grace expunge the stain
VVhich might of his late Blemish yet remain.
Not distant far an ancient Fabrick stood,
VVhere numbers oft implor'd their supream Good.
And had been by a gracious Matron rul'd,
For VVifdom and best deeds divinely soul'd:
VVho tedious hours of Night did there implore,
And day-time spent in giving to the Poor.
This wondrous VVoman for her heavenly Grace,
VVas *Cælia* call'd, thus living at this place.
From Heaven, Fame tells, she did directly come,
And here but pattern'd her Celestial Room.
Of her were born three Daughters, far more fair,
Then VVoman's Beauty when beyond compare.
Of which *Fidelia's* and *Speranza's* Fame,
Tho both espous'd, do Virgin-Glory claim.
The third *Charissa*, whom a lovely Fear
Injoy'd, and thence had many Pledges dear.
Arriv'd they find the Door was watch'd and lock'd
For fear of Foes, at which when they had knock'd:

An aged Porter with a Snow-white Head,
 Humilto call'd, and full of heavenly dread:
 Leaning upon his Staff, in humble sort,
 Admits their passage through this sacred Port.
 Low they were forc'd to stoop as they pass'd in,
 To shew best Actions humbly should begin.
 Being enter'd, they a spacious Court do see,
 Pleasant, and plain, and to all Walkers free.
 Where them a comely Person frankly meets,
 Who with best welcome their great Persons greets.
 And as he earnestly express'd the same,
 Conducts them till unto the Hall they came.
 There kindly them receives a gentle Squire,
 Modest his Name, and Comely his Attire.
 His Title *Reverence*, highly here renown'd,
 From whom they due and grave Reception foun'd.
 By sober steps he leads 'em to his Dame,
 The aged Mistress of this sacred Frame.
 Who busie at her Beads was all this while,
 And now just ended had her holy Toil.

When rising up with well beſeeming Grace,
She Matron-like t'wards them directs her pace.
And as the matchleſs *Una* ſhe beheld,
Her Soul with moſt delightful Joy was fill'd.
And her imbracing ſaid, O happy Earth,
Where e're thou treadſt, more bright than Stars thy [Birth.
And in thy Virgin Perſon doſt exceed
All that of Vertue's Goddeſs men can read.
And by thy painful Travels ſought'ſt to raiſe
Thy Parents Succour, to thy endleſs Praise.
What Grace inspir'd did you direct this way,
Or did you, me not knowing, hither ſtray?
Strange it is here an armed Knight to ſee,
Or man that's rais'd by worldly Dignity.
Hard 'tis for them Heaven's narrow Path to find,
Whoſe Souls are to their boundleſs Pleaſures kind.
Matron, ſaies *Una*, hither I am addreſt,
My weary Limbs and this fair Knight to reſt.
Deſirous to approach you, ſacred Dame,
Whoſe Praises far have ſpread your heavenly Fame.

This

This holy Patroness having heard these words,
 Her kindly welcome to the Knight affords,
 Letting him know that for his firmest Rest,
 His mind should be by inward Comfort blest.
 And as they thus of sundry things had talk'd,
 Two lovely Virgins to this Presence walk'd:
 Demure their Looks, and with a modest Grace
 Mov'd Arm in Arm, still keeping equal pace.
 Of which the eldest was *Fidelia* bright,
 Whose Lustres shin'd like Stars of clearest light.
 Her Person in a milk-white Vest was clad,
 And in one hand a Golden Cup she had,
 With Wine and Water to the Brim up fill'd,
 In which a Serpent lay that Man had kill'd.
 A sight that gave to others horrid fear,
 Whilst her firm Brow most dauntless did appear.
 In t'other Hand a Book upright she held,
 Hard to be understood, and with Blood seal'd.
 A shining Azure Vest *Speranza* wore,
 That was her constant Ornament before.

But in her Visage less serene did seem,
Than from *Fidelia's* Looks the Eye could deem.
As if too near her inmost thoughts did dwell
Doubt, that her lively Hope strove to expel.
Upon her Arm a Silver Anchor lay,
And with erected Eyes she still did pray.
They seeing *Una* towards her next move,
T' express to her their Courtesie and Loye.
And since the Frailties of her Knight they knew,
They blush'd, yet for her sake him welcom'd too.
Gladly the Hero did receive this Grace
From them whose Vertues claim'd divinest place.
And to requite their Favours does confess,
That all Heroicks ought to them address.
Then *Una* ask'd what caus'd their Sister dear,
The kind *Ghariffa*, now not to appear.
Or wants she Health, or can't for business come
Hither, and take next yours her lovely Room.
Not so, said they, but forth she may'nt remove,
Since late of her is born a Son of Love;

That

That adds to her blest'd number known before:
 May ne're she want such, said fair *Una*, more.
 Nor shall my Visit now disturb her rest,
 Whose teeming mind so oft has others blest.
 Then answer'd aged *Celia*, dearest Dame,
 Whose Vertues merit most embellish'd Fame.
 Accept with your great Hero' such Repast,
 As your weak Strengths require for Suff'rings past.
 My sacred Bowers shall freely that afford,
 But see that there he wears no Arms or Sword.
 Then calls she an Attendant, who him led
 Unto a fit Apartment's easie Bed.
 And when refresh'd their Persons were by Rest:
 Of fair *Fidelia*, *Una* does request,
 That her lov'd Knight might in her School be plac'd,
 Till well his Soul should her high Science taste.
 Which granted, she the *Red-Cross* Knight does
 teach,
 How his thoughts might Heaven's sublime prospect
 reach.

Then ope's her sacred Book, which writ in Blood,
None e're without her aid had understood.
And unto him discloseth every thing
That did from Faith's mysterious Records spring.
Letting him know the Wonders she had done,
On Death and Life by firm Belief alone.
And how her words the hasty Sun could stay,
Or turn him back from his Ecliptick way.
How Mountains from their Stations she could call,
And bid 'em, Rubbidge-like, in Seas to fall.
How Hosts of daring Men she could despise,
By Power from Heaven, and them by Foes surprize.
These words improv'd the Knight in little space
To such Perfection of Celestial Grace,
As he began to loath the World and Life,
And Sin that heretofore with him had strife:
Thoroughly confessing his Soul's deep dismay,
And how he wish'd to end his wretched day.
But wise *Speranza* softer Comfort gave,
Teaching him how on Hope his Trust to have.

And as he did her Silver Anchor see,
 Not to despair of best Eternity :
 Or from his Soul's discomfits to forget
 The Truth which before him her Sister set.
 But *Una* as she saw her Knight distress'd,
 From inward guilt that yet his mind oppress'd:
 To divine *Celia* sadly this imparts,
 Who well knew how to discipline sinful Hearts.
 And often did their Remedies assure
 By Patience, her Physician for his Cure.
 A grave experienc'd Man he did appear,
 And Doctor-like did reverend Habit wear.
 The Knight's deep Wound he search'd, and did apply
 From Salves and Medicines precious Remedy ;
 That soon asswag'd his body's painful plight,
 And vigorous had restor'd him unto fight.
 With his fam'd Physick words he did instill,
 Of wondrous use to cure Man's spiritual Ill.
 But found his Patient's mind was fester'd sore
 By inward Grievs, which hard were to explore.

VVithin

Within a darkſom Cave the Knight he laid,
Till his ſtrong Corofives their ſearch had made:
And with ſtrict Diet all the while does tame
The fleſh that nourith'd had his vicious Flame.
Sackcloth and Aſhes there he on him caſts,
And for his Diet does appoint long Faſts.
With many Prayers early ſaid and late,
That might his inward Rancors beſt abate.
And ever as ſuperfluous Fleſh did rot,
He pluck'd that forth by Pincers burning hot.
Inſtead of which, Amendment did repair
His Body, till from all Corruption clear.
With theſe he bitter Penance oft did feel,
From his Phyſician's Whip of hardeſt Steel.
Whiſt his griev'd Heart ſo ſharply felt remorse,
As from his Eyes it bloody drops did force.
In theſe Extreames he often loud does roar,
And Lion-like, his fleſh for anger tore.
Which as his *Una* heard, by Shreeks and Groans
His ſevere Suffrings deeply ſhe bemoans.

Tearing

Tearing awhile her comely Vest and Hair,
Till calmer Thoughts advis'd her to forbear.
For well she knew his Soul could ne're be clean,
Till Grief and Patience had his Curers been.
Now by degrees his mind of Guilt was eas'd,
And all his pers'nal Torments full appeas'd.
When lovely *Una* joyful of his Cures,
To cherish him her constant help assures.
And kissing him, with kindest words besought
That he'd no more of bad deeds past take thought.
Mean while *Charissa* had recover'd well
The Labours which in Child-bed her befell.
To whom illustrious *Una* now addrest,
And for more welcome makes her Knight a Guest.
She was a Woman in her Beauty's prime,
Equall'd for Grace and Bounty by no time.
Full of great Love, but *Cupid's* wanton Skill
As Hell she hated, and all Actions ill.
Her Neck and plenteous Breasts were ever bare,
Whence her pleas'd Babes did suck their milky fare.

Of

Of which a many round about her hung,
And sporting smil'd as joy'd she look'd or sung.
These still she fed whilst they were young and weak,
And when grown older care for them did take.
Upon her head she wore a Tire of Gold,
Adorn'd with Gems most precious to behold.
And by her side did sit of Doves a Pair,
As she was resting in her Ivory Chair.
The Knight and *Una* to her being come,
Congratulate her happy teeming Womb.
Who them receives as courteously as kind,
Th' effects of her still chearful Meen and Mind.
Then *Una* her besought that since this Knight
Had suffer'd much sharp Penance day and night:
That she'd, from her divine exceeding Grace,
Upon his Soul her glorious Precepts place.
Joyful at this Request *Charissa* seem'd,
Who good to do her chiefest pleasure deem'd.
An ancient Matron she to her does call,
Her Name was *Mercy*, wise and liberal.

Unto

Unto whose careful Charge the Knight she gave,
That his Soul might from her best Comfort have.
This godly Person by the Hand him takes,
And taking leave this Presence so forsakes.
But soon a narrow way they were to pass,
Where bushy Thorns and ragged Bryers was.
Which kindly she remov'd from out his way,
That nothing might his ready Passage stay.
And if his Feet incumber'd were, or swerv'd,
This careful Guide his steps soon right preserv'd.
Till in short time the Hero she does bring
T'a Hospital devoted to Heaven's King.
Where seven most holy Beadsmen long did dwell,
Spending their days in Prayer and doing well.
Their Gates to all stood open evermore,
At which one sate to feed the hungry Poor.
And did the wanting Traveller invite,
To be there full refresh'd both day and night.
The first of them, more ancient than the rest,
Was for their holy Stewardship held best.

Who many yearshad in that Office spent,
Giving Relief to all that thither went.
But none he entertain'd that could requite,
Or feast in turns as *Epicures* delight.
The second was an Almoner of the place,
Who for the Poor took care, a work of Grace.
No Treasure he e're car'd to leave behind,
Other than Goodness issuing from his mind.
His Talent was enough, and ask'd no more,
And were it less, of that he'd give the Poor.
The third the keeping of their Wardrobe had,
Whence all but the luxurious Man was clad.
Where fitting Raiment only he laid by
For such no Cloaths to cover them could buy.
Glad when he naked Nature did array,
Since 'tis God's Image stamp'd on earthly Clay.
And when no Garments he could others give,
With his own Coat cut out he'd them relieve.
The fourth a goodly Officer was made,
Who Sums to discharge Prisoners daily paid.

With

With such by wicked power were captive held,
Or pin'd in Chains where *Turkish Bashaws* dwell'd.
And if they faulty were, yet well he weigh'd
That God had Mercy to bad men display'd.
And he that o're Hell triumph'd by his Power,
From thence Souls led unto his heavenly Bower.
The fifth had Charge sick Persons to attend,
And comfort them when nearest their Life's end.
And for their Souls such Cordials to prepare,
As might discharge all Symptoms of Despair.
When Sin and Death would most the mind dismay,
As Soul and Body feel their parting Day.
The sixth had handsome Care of Bodies dead :
Which he, like Owners of a Nuptial Bed,
With Flowers adorned of the choicest sort,
And thus with them did to the Grave resort.
To shew that Man, whom other Creatures fear,
Should dead be honour'd with a reverend care.
The seventh in Office, after Burial done,
Did unto Widow's Orphans his help own.

Who

Who for them oft in highest Courts would plead,
And there no Power of greatest Mortals dread.
With Pains and Purse he each just Cause did aid,
And where want was, their total Charges pay'd.
When hither was the famous Knight arriv'd,
The first, his welcome, of the seven contriv'd.
And seeing that Dame *Mercy* him did guide,
With lowest Reverence he to her apply'd.
And for her fit Reception did prepare,
As one they held their Patroness most dear.
And next *Charissa*, whom they Founder deem'd,
Was by this holy Order best esteem'd.
Here kindly she the Knight refresh'd awhile,
Enabling him for further pious Toil:
Till when she him instructs in gracious Deeds;
And *Mercy*, which serenest thence proceeds.
Whilst by degrees he felt such inward Bliss,
As nothing in his Soul was found amiss.
When painfully unto a Hill they pass,
On whose high top a sacred Chappel was.

Next

Next which a little Hermitage was rais'd,
 Wherein an aged Man his Maker prais'd:
 Inspir'd to wonder by divinest Flame,
 Who then had Contemplation for his Name.
 And tho' through Age his Eyes had lost their sight,
 In mind he oft saw God's sublimest height.
 And what past present future time could shew,
 By his prophetick Soul he fully knew.
 To him the Hero with his Guide ascends,
 But weary grows before his Journey ends.
 Which when his Conduct Mercy had perceiv'd,
 She him supports till to the top arriv'd.
 Where they this holy person do behold,
 VWho look'd, than longest living man, more old:
 His hoary Locks beneath his Shoulders hung,
 Like Frosty Curls on Trees when VVinter's long.
 Each Bone and Sinew of his Body seen,
 A perfect Skeliton, excepting Skin.
 Food he ne're sought when tedious was his Fast,
 VWho had from Spirit'al Comforts full Repast.

VWhen these approaching him he did discern,
He them beheld at first with some concern.
Admiring whence this Man of Arms should come,
In hope to find, where he resided, room.
And had it not been for kind *Mercy's* Dame,
He 'twards the Knight had neither look'd, or came.
But when he judg'd that she was his Support,
He ask'd for what to him they did resort?
No end, saies she, did on our Souls prevail,
This wondrous Hill by painful Steps to scale:
But from thy grave direction to arise,
VWhere Heaven is seated far above all Skies.
Nor can we doubt to pass each Door or VVay,
Since wise *Fidelia* has given thee her Key.
Happy, thou Man, this aged Father say'd,
That to assist thy Steps couldst gain her aid.
VWhat better than her *Genius* can define
The Path to Heaven, where num'rous Angels shine?
Yet since 'tis ask'd, to thee I will make known
VWhat I ne're yet reveal'd to *Fairy's* Son:

And soon direct thee into such a way,
From whence the careful Soul can never stray.
But first some time to Prayer and Fasting give,
That thou mayst spiritual cleansing thence receive.
Which done, he leads him to the highest Mount,
Like that where God his Laws to Man did count.
Or that fam'd Hill of Olives all around,
On which the godly oft their Saviour found.
Or like that pleasant Mount, from whence some say
The heavenly Nine their inspir'd Verse convey.
Next he a distant little Path doth shew,
Which steep and long appear'd unto their View:
And to a goodly City led along, [Stone.
Whose Walls and Towers were built with precious
The blest abode of God's elected Tribe,
Too excellent for Mortal to describe.
As here they gaz'd, they Angels did behold,
That every way took flight on VVings of Gold.
And did in passing one another greet,
Like Friend and Friend that most obliging meet.

This new *Jerusalem* is, the old Man said,
 That God hath for his Saints bright dwelling made.
 VVho are more dearly welcome to his sight,
 Than Younglings which their Dams do most delight.
 Till now, reply'd the Knight, He judg'd amils,
 In thinking *Fair Land's Cleopolis*,
 Did no less Cities far renown'd exceed,
 Than its Queen does all other Queens precede.
 I grant, then said the aged holy Man,
 That no Abodes of mortal Beings can
 In Fame's account *Cleopolis* excel,
 Or its fair Princess there who rules so well.
 Nor shall e're Hero more exalt his Name,
 Than by brave Deeds to serve that Royal Dame.
 And thou, best Youth, of noble *English* Blood,
 How e're, for *Fairy Son*, yet understood.
 Let thy Arms still the desolate *Una* aid,
 But when thy Deeds have well her Merit pay'd,
 High amongst famous Reliques place thy Shield,
 And never more engage in bloody Field.

For War can nought but Sin and Sorrow bring,
 As the unruly Ocean whence they spring.
 But peaceably this Path seek I have shown,
 Till by degrees Heaven's Blessings thee shall own.
 For thou amongst the holy, seen by thee,
 As I presage, in future time shall be.
 And from fair England's Value of thy Fame,
 Be call'd brave George, and Maimed by that Name.
 Think not thy self unworthy of this Grace,
 Since yours is now th' amended Singer's Case.
 But godly Patron, must thy Soul decline
 Woman's fair Sex so much esteem'd by mine.
 Or ceas'd soft Wishes, shall I next refrain
 All further Glory which my Sword might gain.
 For, I perceive thou fondly dost mistake
 The future Prospect which thy Soul shall take.
 For Battels never can by thee be fought,
 Where everlasting Peace by all is sought.
 When all impure Desires, and human Ill,
 Shall vanish with man's unrein'd Will.

O might I, Father, not return again
Unto low Earth where Sin was late my Stain.
But let me with thee still continue here,
That nothing may my present Hope impair.
What thou requir'st, dear Knight, I can't concede,
Since, for blest'd *Una*, Heaven requires thy aid.
She did unto thy Trust her Cause commit,
And from her Foes thy Arms should her acquit.
Then will I, aided by Heaven's strengthening Grace,
Assist this Virgin and her Royal Race.
Which done, a Pilgrim's Habit next I'll take,
And back return'd, will here my Offerings make.
Mean while, thou blessed Man, to me relate,
Whom all a *Fairy's Son* do nominate,
How 'twas reveal'd to thee, or understood,
That I'm deriv'd from valiant *English* Blood.
The Story soon I'll make thee understand,
And by what means thou cam'st to *Fairy Land*:
For well I know, that thy great Lineage springs
From the most fam'd of *England's Saxon Kings*.

And whence a *Fairy*, you not knowing, took,
 As you a Babe your sleeping Nurse did suck.
 And in your Room another Infant left,
 Like those call'd Changelings, from such wondrous [Theft.
 This subtle Creature, or some Elfish Spright,
 With you a Babe to *Fairy Land* took flight :
 Where in a Furrow you she hid a while,
 Until discover'd by the Plough-man's Toil.
 The hardy Swain admiring did behold
 Looks in your Visage more than Infant bold.
 For which he soon you sprightly *George* did name,
 And taught you young the ruffest rural Game.
 When, after ripen'd, your Souls brave effort,
 You gain'd a Hero's Praise at *Fairy Court*.
 O sacred Man, how shall I you requite,
 That my obscured Birth have told aright ?
 And by your boundless Science me have shown
 The way that leads to blessed Seats alone.
 Which said, he look'd toward the lower ground.
 That passage back might heedfully be found.

But prov'd his piercing Eyes were yet amaz'd,
 In having here on Heaven's bright Objects gaz'd,
 At last his Senses better did conspire,
 How he to his lov'd *Una* might retire,
 To whom, when found, he gladly did declare
 That for her Service he'd soon arm'd appear,
 And next to take their kindest leave agree
 Of reverend *Gelia*, and her Daughters three.

C A N T O XI.

The Argument.

The Hero and the Dragon old

Two days their Battles fight

The third he does him slain behold,

By his surpassing Might.

Time's winged hours by *Una* slow were
 thought,
 Till Aid was to her Royal Parents brought;

And

And from the Dragon's monstrous Siege reliev'd,
 By which their Rule and Persons long was griev'd;
 And now arriv'd unto this Martial Sphere,
 Her Heroic Vertue soon dispels all fear,
 Joyning such Motives to her beauteous Charms,
 As most oblig'd her Hero's haste to Arms.
 Then bids him well observe her native Soil,
 And how the hated Fiend does it depoil.
 The wicked Cause whence all their Sufferings came,
 And which remov'd, must far exalt his Name.
 Yonder behold the famous Brazen Tower,
 Still strait besieged by the Monster's Power,
 Whilst my dear Parents, yet from Bondage free,
 Appearing on its top, I joyful see
 Their careful Watchman likewise on the VVall;
 T'inform 'em gladly when good Tydings call.
 And now was heard a strange outrageous sound,
 That seem'd to shake Earth's firmest center'd ground,
 When they a horrid Dragon had esp'd,
 That lay far stretch'd on a Hill's Sunny-side.

Or

Or like a Mountain on a Mountain lay'd,
Had unto wonder his vast Bulk display'd.
But as he saw the gliftring armed Knight,
He rouz'd himself like Beast dispos'd to fight.
Which feen, this Chief his Lady does desire
Unto a Mount adjacent to retire.
Whence she aloft this Battel's proof might view,
And what his Prowess for her sake durst do.
Now sacred Muse, to *Phæbus* brightest Dame,
The Nurse of Time, and long conspicuous Fame:
Kindly instil into my feeble Breast
Flames without Rage, which thy Wit suiteth best.
Whose Song can smoothly Martial Hearts excite,
And unconstrain'd compel their fierce delight.
Let Verse so here the God of VVar awake,
Whilst Nations far his stern Alarums take. [Beast,
Now towards the Knight was mov'd this mighty
Using at once his Wings and Feet for haste:
Who from his hideous Shape and Shade's extent,
To distant Eyes preceding Terror sent.

Approach-

Approaching near, his matchless Bulk he rais'd,
And full erected, on the Hero gaz'd.
With Brazen Scales his mighty Corps was arm'd,
That from no Weapon's force he might be harm'd :
And like a Vultur seeing her wish'd-for Prey,
Rouzeth with joy his Plumes, and speeds that away.
Whose mighty Wings larger than Sails appear'd,
When winds that spread their length on Seas are
Or as the found of clashed Armour rings, [heard.
A noise he made with his hard Scales and Wings.
In wreathed folds his Tail o'respreads his Back,
Bespotted all with Colours Red and Black. [length,
Which when stretch'd out three Furlongs was in
And had two pointed ends of sharpest Strength.
Whose Stings were far exceeded by his Paws,
And these as much by his most ravenous Jaws :
Which gap'd like the devouring Mouth of Hell,
That none knew how deep what he swallow'd fell.
Three ranks of Iron Teeth each Jaw had fill'd,
Whence trickl'd Blood of Creatures by him kill'd.

VVhilst his polluted Bosom did disperse
 A smoaky Stench too foul to name by Verse.
 His angry Eyes more blazing Flames did yield,
 Than Beacons burning on the lofty Field;
 But far within, to cast a dismal Shade,
 These Lamps were set as in a hollow glade,
 And now exalting of his speckled Breast,
 To meet the Knight he terribly addrest,
 And with an eager Joy does often bound
 Like playful Kids upon the grassy Ground.
 When the bold Hero couching of his Spear,
 To combat him undaunted does appear;
 But could not with his powerful Strength or Steel
 Cause this hard Monster any VVound to feel.
 Yet so puissant did his force prevail
 As it the Dragon felt, and bent his Tail,
 VVhich in high Rage he swiftly circled round,
 And with it brush'd both Man and Horse to ground.
 But soon the Knight and Steed were up again,
 And next this direful Boast assault again:

flidVV

Far

Far closer charg'd, than ere by human Power
Held been attack'd unto that fatal hour.

VVhich felt, his lapping VVings he does display,
And like a moving Cloud mounts high away.

Whilst as the Air his bolstrous Pinnions beat,
Rough winds they rais'd aloft to bear his weight:

And having thus some time took flight around,
He stooping snatch'd the mounted Knight from

ground.

When grasping Man and Horse he soar'd more
high

Than Arrow from the strongest Bow can fly.

Till struggling long they him at last constrain'd,

Like Hawk that has a Fowl too hardy gain'd,

VVith weary Pounces to decline his height,

And low as Earth engag'd his Prey to fight.

The Man and Dragon buckling thus had fell,

Nor could the Monster's Gripes or Strength compel

The war-like Hero his Steed's seat to quit,

Or the brave manage of his foaming Bit.

VVhen

VWhen giving Spurs unto his eager Force, [Horse
At one bold blow plunge the wondrous Knight and
Themselves from this vast Dragon's Clutches free,
And charge him fiercely now at liberty.

VWhen this great VVarriour guides his fierce Career,
And 'gainst the Dragon's Breast applies his Spear,
VWhich, glancing under his lift VVing, did find
A passage where his Heart was nearly joyn'd.

VWhich wound receiv'd, the Monster louder roars
Than waves that loudest sound on Northern shores:

VWhen earth they strive to shoulder from her seat,
Or as the blustering Breed of *Æolus* threat

To tofs Earth's Globe like to a sported Ball:

Or for Revenge on one another fall.

Fast stuck embred in gore the pointed Steel,

VWhich as this Beast did sticking in him feel,

VWith his strong Claws he tore the wood in vain,

VWhilst in the wound its Point does still remain.

VWhen, from the Orifice, his cursed Blood

O'reflows the Surface like an Inland Flood.

His

His hideous Tail around him then he plies,
And with it wraps the Knight's Steed's nimble thighs,
Whose Courage strives this wondrous Knot to rend,
But finds he doth more hamper'd still contend :
That to the ground by force he is constrain'd
To fling his Knight, where foulest blood him stain'd.
Whilst he on foot soon weilds his shining Blade,
And with thick blows does this vast Fiend invade.
Which as he feels, his Station he declin'd;
Like one afraid when Battel close is joyn'd.
Yet as he wheel'd, the Knight does him attack,
But could not pierce his Brazen Scales or Back:
Tho now he irksome felt his former wound,
And strives with his hurt Wing to fly from ground:
VVhen feeling his huge Pinnion's strength decay'd,
More loud, than Dragon e're was heard, he bray'd.
And full enrag'd, he gaping wide does vent
Far fiercer Flames than if from Ovens sent.
Which flashing on the Hero's Beard and Face,
His Visage like a Comet seem'd to blaze.

But

But much feverer did his person feel
 The glowing heat that scorch'd his Armour's Steel:
 That hardly he endur'd his cruel plight,
 Or Arms that fear'd his Skin like Thunder's light.
 Not that vast Champion of the ancient World,
 Whom Poets for vast Labours have extoll'd;
 Could furious Perils with this Chief compare,
 When 'gainst devouring Centaurs he made VVar.
 VVhilst here this Hero Tolls had undergone,
 That have no equals in Heroick Song.
 VVhom Steel now burnt, that him before did arm,
 VVhat man had ere endur'd such fatal Harm?
 Faint, weary, scorch'd, nay hopeles of Relief,
 At once his outward was and inward Grief.
 To end his Torment Death he oft desir'd,
 But death yields least to come when most requir'd.
 As thus dismay'd the Dragon him beheld,
 His sturdy Stern he with Dildam does weild.
 And that he might his Conquest fully show, [blow,
 Strikes the brave Knight to ground at one rough

From

From ancient time here sprung a wondrous Well,
 Into whose depth by chance this Hero fell :
 And which had Vertue beyond other Flood,
 T' effect on Mortals Medicinal good.
 Whose waves before this Dragon had defil'd,
 The far admir'd Springs of Life were stil'd :
 Such as could age convert to youthful Bloom,
 And healthful cleanse Diseases foulest room.
 The dead to life they often had restor'd,
 And Sin wash'd off as Bathers here implor'd.
 Now *Phæbus* finish'd had the burning day,
 VVhen this prodigious Dragon hop'd to slay
 The afflicted Knight, whom with contempt he cast
 Into this Well, which done, his speckled Breast
 Aloft he rais'd, and like a Victor proud,
 Insulting claps his Iron Wings aloud.
 VVhich as the pensive Lady saw afar,
 She fear'd the end of this stupendious VVar.
 And prostrate on her Knees to Heav'n did pray,
 That Stars this Dragon might defeat or slay.

Nor from this Posture did that night remove,
But watchfully still pray'd, and wept for Love.
Until *Aurora* shew'd her blushing Face,
VVhen mov'd this beauteous Virgin from her place:
Her search and beaming Eyes imploy'd around,
Yet as she seeks still finds her Fears abound.
Having too late beheld her dear lov'd Knight,
Like to some vanquish'd Foe to fall by fight.
At last perceiv'd him from the Well to rise,
Fresh as a new bath'd Eagle mounts the Skies:
After his older Plumes in waves he sheds,
And in their stead more youthful Feathers spreads.
Or as young Hawks their tender Pinions try,
Yet wonder at themselves when first they fly:
So was this Hero at himself amaz'd,
As thus renew'd for Battel he was rais'd.
Whom when refresh'd the wondring Fiend did spy,
He doubts if this was his late Enemy.
Who fiercely brandishing his shining Blade,
Against the Dragon's Scalp a strong blow made:

VWhich

VWhich to his Scull so deep a passage cleft,
 That it the mighty Beast of Sense bereft.
 What Muse can tell how his revengeful Steel
 Did from these sacred Streams Assistance feel:
 Since until now no approv'd armed Hand
 Could this Fiend's subtle fraud and power withstand.
 Who now enrag'd to see his bleeding gore,
 Does loud as many hungry Lyons roar,
 And lifting his far reaching Tail on high,
 Scourgeth, as Slaves to him, the Air and Skie.
 Then downwards moves his rancrous sting to smite
 In some most vital part the *Red-Cross* Knight:
 Which pierc'd his Shoulder through his weighty
 And stuck like darted Piles in Martial Field. [shield,
 Down fell the Hero, painfully oppress'd,
 Nor could his wound by Patience be redrest.
 Which seen, the Dragon by his Sting assay'd
 To pin him to the ground where he was lay'd:
 VWho, in this posture, would not conquer'd be,
 Conscious of former Fame and Victory,

But with a matchless strength upright does rise,
And to pull forth the Sting his hand applies.
But finding that he struggled had in vain,
He grasps his Sword to cut the Sting in twain.
And struck so hard, that five vast Joynts he cleft
From the Fiend's Tail, and but the Stump him left.
What can express the strange outrageous Cry,
That from this hellish Monster's Throat did fly?
With Steams of Smoak that darken'd heavenly light,
More than thick Fogs which rise with Ghosts at night.
And now, at once his valiant Foe to kill,
Implies his winged force and utmost skill.
And laying his Claws upon the Knight's bright shield,
Strives, as his Trophy, to seize that in field.
Much was the Man incumber'd by his hold,
Not judging how he might his Gripes unfold.
Nor harder 'twas from *Cerberus* greedy Jaws
To force a Morfel, than to move his Claws.
But when no struggling Toils the Knight avail'd,
With his keen Sword the Dragon he assail'd:

And

And did such strenuous blows 'gainst him apply,
 As he forc'd Sparks, like those, from Anvils fly.
 Until the Beast one grasping Foot withdraws,
 To aid, his Bulk assaulted, by his Claws.
 Whilst he with t'other strongly gripes the Shield,
 Resolv'd, to quit that hold, he'd never yield.
 Altho this Hero, by his prosperous fight,
 From the huge Joynt the Paw had sever'd quite.
 When, unto wonder, does the Knight behold
 Its footless Talons still his Shield to hold.
 Vex'd with this loss, not *Ætna's* boiling Stew
 Venteth such Flames as does the Monster now.
 With which a pestilential Blast he sends,
 That noisomly his Combatant offends:
 Forcing his person backward to retire,
 But as he trod he slipt, and fell in Mire.
 Nor ever was his Courage so dismay'd,
 When, 'gainst Hell's Breed, before he Arms display'd.
 Near to his fall there grew a lovely Tree,
 For Fruit more goodly than e're Eye did see:

And had such power, that who on it could eat,
Had thence Life happier than all human breed.
Th' Almighty's only Plant, who does it call
The Tree of Life, ere Man provok'd his fall.
Near unto this another high aspir'd,
That was of *Eden's* growth the most admir'd.
Perfect its shape, of Colour sparkling Green,
Purer than in best Emeralds rays is seen.
In all the world none like these could be found,
Here only springing from most blessed ground :
Where best Fruit grew without man's skilful Toil,
Till this foul Dragon did pollute this Soil.
And but the Tree of Life did here remain,
And this of Knowledge which he durst not stain.
From the first Tree of these a Balm distill'd,
Whose sovereign Juice th' adjacent Plain had fill'd.
Long health and life this wondrous Moisture gave,
And could the dead revive when laid in Grave.
Where this Dew was by chance this Hero fell,
Which Universal Medicine did expel

The many Maladies he had endur'd,
 And could not without Miracle be cur'd.
 The damned Beast durst ne're approach this place,
 Tho willing to destroy its quickning Grace.
 And now advanc'd the gloomy Team of Night,
 When setting Stars did man's Repose invite.
 Just as fair *Una* saw her Lover fall,
 And fear'd that in him was no life at all:
 VVhilst in a Dream he lay with full delight,
 Where Balm had flow'd that cur'd his scorched plight.
 VVhich she not guelling long deplor'd his Case,
 Wishing by day once more to see his Face.
 Till smooth *Aurora* pitying of her Grief,
 In haste does rise to yield her Soul Relief.
 And as she did remove, from Skies, the dark,
 Best notes salute her of the early Lark.
 When the Knight rose refresh'd from balmy
 ground,
 Who more than e're his Strength now strenuous
 found:

And putting on his shining Arms and Shield,
Against the Dragon once more takes the field.
Which watchful Foe does early him await,
Prepar'd to kill him by the swiftest Fate.
But when he saw the Hero's dauntless Grace,
And the fresh Vigours of his war-like Face :
The hardy Fiend th' approaching Battel fears,
Tho Champion like th' Aggressor he appears.
And at the first Encounter gap'd more wide,
Than Sea-breach forc'd by some outrageous Tide:
Hoping the Hero with his Teeth to grind,
Or else at once to swallow him design'd.
The Knight observing of his open Jaw,
Thrust down his Sword and pierc'd him to the Maw;
Which felt, he back retiring, vomits Blood,
Whilst his curs'd life expired in the Flood.
Thus dy'd this Beast, and as he fell he shook
The Earth, as if her Axis then had broke.
Whose wondrous Corps like to a Mountain lay,
Or *Isle* torn from Land by some rough Sea.

The

The valiant Knight, even trembling, heard his fall,
But more his Lady who observed all :
Until from full assurance she believ'd
That her worst Foe was of his Life bereav'd.
For which she praised Heaven, and next her Knight,
Whose Prowess had such wonders done by fight.

CANTO XII.

The Argument.

*Fair Una to the Red-Cross Knight
Betrothed is with joy :
Tho false Duessa it to spight
Does vile Deceit imploy.*

Not gladder steers the Pilot when his Sails
Approach the wish'd-for Port with merry gales:
Than my Muse does th' Illustrious *Una* guide
Unto her long'd-for Haven now descri'd.
And there a while in Jubilees of Verse,
The merit of her Love and Fame disperse.

Mean

Mean time ere *Phæbus* rose above the Earth
To give to Infant-day a beaming Birth,
Far from this wondrous Fortrefs was beheld,
How the Knight had the Fiend to death compell'd :
As from his dying Entrails Steams ascend,
Like a demolish'd Castle's smoaky end.
When, to his King, the Watchman loud did call,
Letting him know with joy the Dragon's Fall.
The aged Sovereign of this happy Soil,
Long had with Grief observ'd the Dragon's spoil :
And with what speed his feeble Feet could make,
Ascends where now he might best Prospect take.
Thence to discern, if tidings Truth did tell,
Which said by human Power the Fiend had fell.
But as his Eye with gladness did behold
His Foe lie dead upon the dusty Mold :
He unto all proclaims the welcome Fate,
And bids 'em open wide his Brazen Gate.
Then Trumpets in triumphant manner blaze
This strange success, and to Skies *Eccho's* raise :

Whilst throngs of People, as from Thraldom freed,
With solemn Plaudits high extol the deed.
And when things were in stately order set,
And all degrees of Persons duely met.
The tall and martial Youth before the rest
March'd in their Ranks, like youthful Hero's drest.
Who Lawrel Branches in each hand did bear,
To shew that Peace discharg'd their warlike Care.
Next these appear'd the aged King and Queen,
Whose comely Persons gravely clad were seen:
Such as in ancient time great Princes wore, [plore.
When 'gainst their Foes they did Heaven's aid im-
Around these Sovereigns many Nobles mov'd,
In Peace and War for Wisdom high approv'd:
Long Gowns their Habit was, and in their Meen
Grave, as wise Senat's are in Counsel seen.
Thus passing on they to the Hero came,
Whom first the young their Saviour loud proclaim,
And humbly at his Feet their Lawrels strow,
Craving his Conduct when to war they go.

In Snow-white Vestures, deck'd with Garlands long,
Sweeter than Birds in Bowers the Virgins sung.
And with fine fingers did on Timbrels play,
As their neat Feet danc'd Measures all the way.
Until they came where beauteous *Una* stood,
Whom more they reverenc'd than all human blood.
The many Vulgar, that with longing Eye
Crowd to behold the things of Novelty,
And wou'd be thought Proprietors of Fame,
Because their Ears and Tongues most number claim:
Now staring, haste, and, as throngs usual do,
Added perhaps some Marvels to the true.
Some doubting if they him should Man allow,
Whose Prowess did the Dragon overthrow;
Or not more fitly, as in times of old,
When Men their Hero's Demi-gods did hold;
The Knight some such Heroick now declare,
Who had the Monster kill'd with Sword and Spear.
But when they come where the huge Beast lay dead,
Some fearing stopt, whilst some with Horror fled.

Doubting

Doubting least sparks of Life might yet remain
Within the Fiend, by which they might be slain.
Till of the hardier sort some felt his Jaws,
And free from hurt, next sported with his Paws.
Whilst Mothers with their Infants at their Breast,
Sate goshopping on Limbs of this slain Beast:
And smil'd to see how many Acres length
The bulk extended of his former Strength.
Now had the aged King with all his Train
Arrived where the Victor did remain :
Whom he does with most thankful Looks behold,
And gave him gifts whose Value can't be told.
But when his beauteous Daughter he beheld,
Whose Merit, more than words could praise, excell'd:
With high Endearments he doth her embrace,
His Eyes ore-fill'd with Joy when seen her Face.
And next unto his Palace does 'em bring,
Usher'd by Musick to which Voices sing :
As all the way rich Eastern Silks were spread,
On which for Triumph their great Persons tread.

Till

Till passing on they to the Court ascend , [mend.
 Where nought was wanted that should Courts com-
 Tho in that ancient time were seldom found
 Th' Excesses which in latter do abound.

And when from Meats and Drinks of goodly kind,
 Their Appetites did chearful filness find.

This gracious Prince the Knight did entertain,
 By telling fam'd Transactions of his Reign:

And what admir'd Adventures he had past ,
 As Fortune him, when young, on Perils cast.

Then speaks of Hero's to his youth were known,
 And how their Arms and Love had gain'd renown,

Desiring next the *Red-Cross* Knight to tell
 In fewest words, what Perils him besel:

Since he had dangerous Regions travell'd far,
 Ere to his Glory here he ended War.

To which the Knight, as one that least design'd
 That his words to his Praises should be joyn'd,

By modest Brevity does all rehearse, [perfe.
 Which Fame wou'd have her amplest Tongues dis-

His

His Story with due Joy and Grief they heard,
 As its strange turns occasion'd their regard.
 Sometimes applauding his Success by Smiles,
 And pity'd when 'twas fit as much his Toils.
 Nor tearless could the King and Queen appear,
 As he some sharp Diasters does declare.
 The aged King within whose Princely Soul
 Compassion did with gentlest Conduct rule,
 Desir'd the Hero to express no more
 Than piteous minds would willingly explore.
 Nor did he judge that his heard-hearted Foes,
 Would not lament if known to them his Woes.
 But whether Praise or Pity should precede,
 Was in his Case too doubtful to concede.
 And that in future he might not engage
 In perillous Fields, where Fate does wildest rage.
 This wondrous Victor he invites to rest
 Still in his Court, which his Success had blest.
 Ah, dearest Prince! the *Red-Cross* Knight reply'd,
 My Stars have quiet yet to me deny'd :

For

For by a Vow that's writ upon my Shield,
Six years to serve the *Fairy Queen* in Field
Against a Pagan King engag'd I stand,
An impious Foe that now despoils her Land.
This known to *Una* was, your Daughter dear,
Ere I arriv'd to fight the Dragon here.
And free you *Eden's* King, and your fam'd Soil,
As Heaven has favour'd since my warlike Toil.
And since for Arms here's nothing left to do,
I crave, best Prince, to take soon leave of you.
Sorry I am, reply'd the King, to hear
The time of your departure is so near.
But whatfoe're you have by Vow design'd,
Let it your Soul, as Heaven requireth, bind :
However I your Merits would endear,
Or think, you my Court honour'd, staying here.
Six years to serve the *Fairy Queen* y'ave vow'd,
(A vertuous Princess by the VWorld allow'd)
Which Periods finish'd hither come again,
And to my Comfort with me still remain.

VWhen

VWhen you in Marriage shall my *Una* have,
 And at my end my Throne to both I'll leave.
 Next, to come forth his Daughter does command,
 And to her Knight's does joyn her snow-white hand.
 Who having now her mournful Veil laid by,
 That she had worn in long Adversity,
 Not Morning-star that does a Cloud forsake,
 So bright could out of Eastern Skies ere break.
 Her Vest more white than finest Silver Thread,
 Or Lillies when in *May* o're Fields they spread.
 Whilst all admir'd her Person, Meen and Face,
 Like Charms of Love refin'd by chastest Grace:
 Too far above the power of smoothest Verse,
 Her least Attractions duely to rehearse.
 And what did present wonder highest raise,
 Her Knight, like some new Lover, her does praise:
 As if her Lusters which he now beheld,
 Had in her Form before less heavenly dwell'd.
 Her tall and slender Person low she bow'd,
 And to her Father her Content avow'd.

Since to the man his Will did her dispose,
Whom, of all Mortals, her Affection chose.
And now ere ended what she had to say,
A person to this Presence speeds his way :
Whose Garb and Looks did equal haste imply,
Like one that with strange News did thither fly.
Or such as when the Dragon lay in waite,
Had first Alarm given this Royal State.
And when the Sovereign's person he had found,
He low before him fell, and kiss'd the ground :
And next a Letter of Import presents,
Which to the King discloseth these Contents.
To you great *Eden's* Prince this VVriting's sent,
In which you'll see a Virgin's Soul lament,
By wicked Man injuriously distressed,
Tho she's sole Heir to th' Emperor of the *West* :
And bids your Greatness well advised be,
Lest you add to her Infelicity:
By marrying *Una* to the *Red-Cross* Knight,
To whom I justly claim precedent Right :

Who, me sad Maid, or rather Widow sad,
 By all Love could exprefs affyanc'd had.
 Witnefs the holy Altars where he swore,
 Which tho his vows polluted have before,
 The rather I'll for Juftice thither fly,
 And them conjure t' avenge my Injury.
 But fince he's juftly mine, whether falfe or true,
 Or dead, or living, mine he fhall be too.
 Nor think your Power howe're accounted great,
 Shall, unreveng'd by power, my Love defeat.
 This I *Fideffa* bid you timely know,
 VWho yet her felf fubfcribes not Friend or Foe.
 The King when he this daring Letter read,
 VWas at its Purport long aftonifhed :
 Not well conceiving upon what pretence
 Should come to him this Woman's threatning fence:
 Since he ne're injur'd had vow'd Lovers right,
 Nor would excufe it in the *Red-Crofs* Knight.
 And mufing thus a while no word he fpake,
 Until he folemn filence thus did break :

Looking upon the Hero with some Fear,
 Left these Lines might unhandsome Deeds declare,
 Requires at length that truth might be confess'd,
 Howe're 'twas charg'd or did affect his Breast.
 Or unto *Una's* Grief unkindly name
 The Love he plighted to some other Dame.
 Since human fault, when 'tis confess'd betime,
 Heaven most obligeth to forgive the Crime.
 To which the *Red-Cross* Knight this Answer made,
 Be not, great King, at specious words dismay'd ;
 On purpose couch'd by Woman's wily Brain,
 That would by impious means her ends attain :
 Whose wicked Story, fully to display,
 Might spend more hours than do belong to day.
 But since 'tis your Command, I'll briefly tell
 What, above Woman's Mischiefe, me befel:
 Which from this feign'd *Fidessa*, by hard Fate,
 I suffer'd, as strange ways I pass'd of late :
 Where, her I met, or rather, she found me,
 As with her rid a Knight my Enemy :

VVhom

Whom I before her face in Battel kill'd,
 And wish that there her Blood Iad also spill'd :
 When she with an illustrious seeming Grace,
 Deriv'd her Lineage from Imperial Race :
 Vowing that she by force was thither brought
 By the slain Foe, who her Dishonour fought :
 And how oblig'd her Vertue was to me,
 By killing him her lustful Enemy.
 In Dress she richer was than *Persian* Queen,
 And fresh as Spring her outward Beauty seen :
 Her Speech was smoothen than best Courtier's Tongue,
 And sweeter was her Voice than *Syren's* Song.
 By these Attractions, and her wily Art,
 Too strong to be oppos'd by human Heart :
 She me distrustless won unto her Will,
 Whilst Foes she laid in wait my Blood to spill.
 Then stepped forth the famous lovely Maid,
 And kneeling to her Royal Father said,
 To me, alas ! the Ills are known too well,
 Which from her wicked means my Knight befell.
 By Combats, Gyants, grievous Wounds distress'd,
 And Hardships by no words can be express'd.
 O false *Fidessa*, falser than the Sea,
 Or breath of Winds that there casts Ships away.

To name thee Witch, Hagg, Monster, were too small,
Since thy Soul's guilt more ugly is than all.
Next, Sir, this crafty Messenger behold,
Nor doubt to prove him *Archimago* old :
Who by his subtlest Diabolick Art,
Strove to divide me from my Hero's Heart.
That grievous deed all former Sorrows fums,
And with Affright to my Remembrance comes.
The King was greatly mov'd by what she said,
And bids, on this false Man, that Chains be laid :
Which being done, he like some Beast at stake,
Attempts the Links that him constrain'd to break :
Till they convey'd him to a Dungeon deep,
And to secure him there strict watch did keep.
Not any judging but his wicked end
Would soon ensue, howe're Hell stood his Friend.
This just Affliction the King's Wrath appeas'd,
And looking on the Lovers fully pleas'd :
His Daughter to the Hero he unites,
By vow'd Contract, and publick sacred Rites.
When first his Royal Hand the Taper lays
Unto the Pile, must burn for joy some days.
And next does sprinkle on the flaming Wood
The hallowed Water of the purest flood.

Which

Which done, the bushy Tead is blazing seen,
To *Hymen* had of old devoted been.
And here the sacred Lamp with care they light,
In secret was to burn both day and night :
The constant Emblem of the 'spoused Breast,
Where Love's first kindled flame should ever rest.
Then all the Posts with the most sparkling Wine
They duely sprinkled, using words divine.
And next held solemn Feasts within this Court,
Perfum'd with Odors of the choicest sort :
Which fill'd each Room with such a fragrant smell,
As shew'd the Sweets in this Clime did excel.
Whilst Consorts here with their delicious Touch,
In vary'd Tunes had pleas'd the Ears as much.
And when the warbling Musick ceas'd to play,
The Songsters jolly Notes sung Cares away.
And what their Admirations rais'd more high,
Than Mortals e're allow'd to Harmony :
Around them sounds more ravishing they hear,
Than some have term'd the Musick of the Sphere.
Nor more conceiv'd from whence these Voices came,
Than by what means the Sun expands his Flame.
Howe're their Souls transcendently were mov'd,
As Heaven's peculiar Act their Joys approv'd.

Throughout

Throughout this Land exceeding Mirth was spread,
 Above what can by Verse be amplest read:
 Tho full imply'd by what the Muse imparts,
 Whose Song uniteth here such Lovers hearts.
 And now the Hero happily possest
 Of her whom he ador'd and Heaven had blest:
 Like some triumphant Lover does appear,
 That had his Mistress won by glorious War,
 And as his pleasing Eye did her behold,
 By kindest Looks her inward Joy she told.
 Her chearful Presence long he here enjoy'd,
 Not envy'd, or with Jealousie annoy'd.
 Yet neither wish'd content or happiest ease,
 Could this Knight's warlike Resolution cease,
 Which to the *Fairy Queen* by Vow he made,
 Ere he by Arms the Dragon did invade.
 And must, the Monster kill'd; to her remove,
 Tho deep Remorse he felt from dearest Love.
 To pity which let Verse some respite take,
 Or as the Pilate does his Voyage make
 From Port to Port, where Passengers he leaves,
 And others, with fresh-Freights, aboard receives;
 So must our Muse her various Courses run,
 And may she finish well what's here begun.

FINIS.

